CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

VOL. XXVI. DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS. NO. 3.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1847. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 1 1-2 WATER STREET,
(Near Washington Street,) by
DAVID REED.

☞ To whom all communications, as well as letter of business, should be addressed.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS, payable in six months, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, a sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

COMMUNION OF THE DEAD WITH THE LIVING.

The following sermon we extract entire from the volume of Sermons on Consolation, just published, by Rev. A. P. Peabody.

I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets.—Revelation xxii. 9.

So said the angel that showed St. John the tree of life, and talked with him of the joys of heaven. He was an earth-born angel, trained by arduous duty and stern conflict for a holy and exalted ministry in God's nearer presence. It was in a *vision* that the apostle beheld him; and a *vision* denotes, with emphasis, *seeing;* that is, a clearer, deeper, truer insight than is enjoyed in the usual condition of the faculties. It was not fables or alegories, but realities and truths appertaining to the spiritual world, that were unfolded to the seers of the Old and New Testament in vision. The inward eye was opened. They beheld things of which the external sense cannot take cognizance, and which they could describe only by images and symbols that feebly represented the impressions made upon their own minds. I have chosen this text in order to speak to you of the nearness of heaven to earth, and of our connection and communion with the great spiritual family. I cannot think of heaven as a separate, far-off mansion or city of the redeemed, but as in close connection with the world in which we live. I believe that the members of the heavenly society, even now, sympathize with us, rejoice in our virtue, and minister to our spiritual growth. Let us this evening look at some of the grounds and uses of this belief.

There are many sayings of Jesus, and incidents in his life, which imply the intimate communion of the dead with the living. One of the most striking features of his life is the frequency and nearness of his converse with the spiritual world. He never speaks of angels and just men made perfect, as if there were a weary distance to be crossed from them to us, or from us to them. They are often with him,—at his birth, in his temptation, and in his agony they come uncalled,—they watch by his sepulchre, and wait on his ascension. The spirits of the long-dead talk with him on the mountain. His voice to the widow's son, his powerful word at the tomb of Lazarus, seem addressed to souls not afar off, but within call,—near the scenes from which they had gone, and among the friends who thought them lost forever. He promises, also, his own spiritual presence with his followers, when he shall be no longer visible to the outward eye.

Among other touching allusions to the connection between the dead and the living, we cannot but assign a prominent place to that saying of our Savior,—"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." In this joy we cannot imagine the higher orders of the spiritual family as partaking, without its being shared by the penitent's kindred and friends in heaven. How intimate is the relation between the two worlds implied in the thought which these words suggest! The faint, lowly sigh of the contrite heart sweeps in glad harmony over the golden lyres, and wakes among the blessed a new song of thanksgiving. The first pulsations of spiritual life in the outcast sinner beat in the souls of the sinless, and every throb of godly sorrow on earth pours new joy through the ranks of the redeemed.

Is it said that this near connection of heaven with earth must interfere with the perfect happiness of those in heaven, from their view of the painful discipline appointed to many of their nearest and best friends? I reply, that, whether they behold the trials of their friends or not, they must know, from their own remembered experience, that sorrow awaits all who enter into life. But they no longer dread for others the angel-ministries of adversity, which they now fully recognize for themselves. They behold universal Providence everywhere from seeming evil educing the highest good, and thus can acquiesce with solemn joy in whatever afflictions are appointed for those whom they hope one day to welcome as their companions in glory, even as the Father himself, who loves us all better than we can love each other, dwells in serene and eternal happiness, while he mingles the cup of sorrow and agony for his children.

Is it asked, how heaven can be thus near, and yet unseen? I reply, that the invisible presence of the children of God is no more mysterious than his own. They may be all around us, without our discerning them, because our spiritual vision is not strong and clear enough to behold them,—even as the minute creation, that fills air, earth, and sea, remained for ages unknown, for lack of a proper medium through which to view it. Our Savior saw the dead and talked with them; for in him the spiritual vision was clear and full. And when his religion shall become supreme and all-pervading, and generations shall come forward, as they will in the latter days, bathed from infancy in the light and love of his gospel, the free communion with heaven may be opened, the tabernacle of God be with men, and the union of the two worlds form as much a part of the distinct consciousness of every disciple as it did of the Savior himself.

I prize the belief of the communion of the dead with the living, on account of the encouragement to religious effort which their sympathy gives us. We all seek sympathy, and to secure it we often become followers of each other more than of Jesus. We walk slower than we need, that we may not part company with our halting fellow-pilgrims. We hang about our persons the same weights, and cherish the same easily besetting sins, as those who run the race at our side. And when, in any way, our consciences prompt us to walk otherwise or move on faster than our fellow-Christians, we cannot help looking back with a painful sense of solicitude and desertion. But our friends in heaven are the more intimately associated with us the farther we are in advance of the inert and sluggish. When we seem to be alone, we can say as did the prophet, when he saw himself environed and guarded by the host of heaven,—"They that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Those of our friends who have entered the heavenly rest have endured what we must encounter, and know how severe are the conflicts through which we must struggle into the higher life. They themselves felt the loneliness and desolation which sometimes press so heavily upon our spirits. Their sensibilities are now touched to the finest issues. They are familiar with every mode of inward experience, and can enter into our hearts, where the closest sympathy of the living fails us.

Again, we can hardly entertain the idea of the communion of our departed friends with us, without its prompting the desire for their continued approbation. Can we bear their inspection, and willingly remain unworthy of their esteem? Can we cherish the thought that they are with us, and yet harbor principles and habits from which they would turn with disapproval and loathing? Shall they behold us clinging to the weights which we should lay aside, and hugging the sins which we should crucify? Our friends who have gone from us, perhaps, in the weakness of partial affection, could see no fault in us. Our parents were, it may be, blind to our failings. Our children looked up to us with unmingled reverence, as if we had been the incarnation of every virtue. Our gentle and loving fellow-Christians, while they were with us, threw over our weaknesses the beautiful mantle of their charity, and read our characters through the hazy medium of their own kindness. But the scales have now dropped from their eyes. If they see and know us, it is with a just appreciation of what we are. And have we fallen in their esteem? Do they find us less worthy of their love than they used to think us? Do they look upon us as less their companions and fellow-disciples than when they were here? As we, parents and children, neighbors and friends, hope to find the long lost, but unforgotten, still true and loving, still and forever ours, O, let us cut off these sources of alienation and disappointment on their part,—let us not break fellowship with them, by so living in negligence and sin, that they must often avert their eyes from our unprofitable lives to the eternal throne in pitying intercession for us.

The idea of this discourse appeals with peculiar power to those who have never entered upon the spiritual life. Is there here a son who has a mother in heaven? Had God spared your mother, my young friend, would you not have held her happiness sacred, anticipated her desires, and shielded her from disappointment and sorrow? You can even now make her happier. Full as her joy is, it is not perfect, while you remain out of the circle of her communion. Your mother's soul still yearns for your salvation. Her intercessions, which first rose over your cradle, now ascend for you near the throne. Enter on the life of heaven, and you hang new jewels on her eternal crown of rejoicing. Is there a parent, still living without prayer and without the Christian's hope, who has committed a child to the grave in spotless infancy? How gladly, my friend, would you have guarded your child from peril and from grief, and borne him in the arms of an all-enduring love along the rugged path of life! A work of love yet remains for you in that child's behalf. He prays that he may not be left an orphan spirit, though it be in heaven; and for your first steps in the footmarks of the Lord Jesus, the voice lost to earth, before it could say *My Father or My Mother*, will be lifted in glad thanksgiving for you. Brothers and sisters, from whose circle Heaven has chosen the pure and lovely, were you here united by cordial sympathy and deep affection? Their prayer is, that the divided household may again be made one. Are you the bond-slaves of gain, or pleasure, or self-indulgence? The spirits of the departed mark your downward steps, and turn away from the scenes of your levity or your guilt in earnest deprecation of the fatal issue to which they see you hastening. By a renewed heart and life, you can make yet happier those whom God has made happy, and satisfy the only longing of their souls which eternal love has left unfilled.

Finally, what a momentous interest is given to our whole earthly life by the thought that it is passed in the presence and communion of the great spiritual family! To my mind there is hardly a text of Scripture, or form of speech, that rolls on with such a depth and fulness of meaning as those words,—"Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Vast and bewildering is the philosophical speculation which tells us that we cannot lift a finger without moving the distant spheres. But far more grand and unspeakably solemn is the thought, that our daily lives, our conduct in lowly and sheltered scenes, our speech and walk in the retirement of our homes, are felt through the universe of ever-living souls,—that the laws of attraction and repulsion that reach through all orders of being extend to our least words and deeds,—that in every worthy, generous, holy impulse all heaven bears part,—that from the trail of our meanness and selfishness, our waywardness and levity, all heaven recoils. Let the august witnesses, the adoring multitude, in whose presence we dwell and worship, arouse us to growing diligence in duty, and awaken in us increasing fervor of spirit, that we may run with patience the race that is set before us, and, found faithful unto death, may receive the crown of life.

UNITARIANISM IN TRANSYLVANIA.

From an Article in the Christian Examiner on Beard's exhibition of Unitarianism.

"The article on "Anti-Trinitarianism in Transylvania," which follows, was, the editor informs us, written by a distinguished member of the Unitarian Church in that country, and translated by John Paget, Esq., who added the notes.—The ancient fame of the Unitarians of Transylvania and Poland will cause this article to be eagerly read. We cannot give in detail its contents; and, passing over what belongs to the past—the introduction of Unitarianism into Transylvania, its progress and various fortunes,—we will offer the following somewhat long extract relating to the present numbers, character, and condition of our brethren in that distant region.

"The Unitarians in Transylvania are generally reckoned at 50,000, of whom the majority are Szeklers, the rest Magyars. Though still in much smaller numbers than they were formerly, they seem to be now gradually increasing. Many of those professing other religions do not hesitate to say that they agree with the Unitarians in their belief. The Unitarians live for the most part in villages, though there are many to be found in the towns of Keresztur, Thorda, Abrudbanya, Maros Vasarhely, and Klausenburg. In the villages, to each of their churches a small elementary school is attached, in which both boys and girls are taught Besides these they have two Gymnasiums, one in the village of Keresztur, near the town of the same name, founded in 1790; and the other at Thorda, which flourishes since the sixteenth century. Their chief College is in the capital, Klausenburg, which is still also the seat of their Superintendent. These institutions are entirely supported from Unitarian funds, for the body enjoys no support either from the country or sovereign.—Almost every church maintains its own church and schoolmaster. The Gymnasiums of Thorda and Keresztur, the professors of the College of Klausenburg, the Superintendent or Bishop, and the treasurer of the community, are paid out of the common funds.

"The affairs of each Unitarian church are managed conjointly by the clergyman and elders of the church. The churches are united into Deaconries, over each of which there is a Deacon, a Notary, and two or more lay-Curators. The clergymen, schoolmasters, and Curators of the Deaconry, assemble at certain fixed times, under the presidence of the Deacon, for the transaction of business. The affairs of the Unitarian community are intrusted to the General Consistory (Consistorium Supremum Unitariorum.) The members of the General consistory are, among the clergy, the Superintendent, the Deacons, the Notaries of Deaconries, and some clergymen of distinguished merit; among the laymen, the chief Curator of the Unitarian community, the Curators of Deaconries, the Curators of the Colleges and the Gymnasiums, and certain of the more distinguished among the Unitarian gentry, especially such as hold office under government. As the general meetings of the Consistory are held only twice a year, smaller meetings are held more frequently, generally every Sunday after church at Klausenburg, which are attended by such members of the General Consistory as happen to be there, and in such meetings the current business of the Deaconries, Churches, and Schools is transacted. The Superintendent and General Curator (both, if present, or either one) are the presidents, by right, of the Consistory. The General Notary, commonly one of the professors of Klausenburg, acts as Secretary to the Consistory; and though by the fulfilment of this office he obtains no right, yet he is generally considered as the successor of the Superintendent, and is almost always chosen as such. The proceedings of the weekly meetings of the Consistory are laid down before the half-yearly meetings, to be approved or disallowed, though the latter rarely occurs. Matters of great and general moment are always reserved for the general meetings. Of these two meetings one is always held in Klausenburg; the other, distinguished by the name of Synod, is held in each of the Deaconries by turn. It is only in the general Synod that the election of a Superintendent and Chief Curator or the ordination of clergymen, can take place.

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"None are eligible to the office of clergyman, professor, or schoolmaster, who have not gone through the whole course of study in the College at Klausenburg. The nomination of clergymen to the churches, and professors to the village school, from the students of the College, as well as the transfer of clergymen and professors from one place to another, is the duty of the Superintendent, though he is considerably restrained in the exercise of this duty by the rights of members of the church themselves.—The Professors of the College and the two Gymnasia are chosen by the Synod. The mode of election to the Professorship is this. The Professors of the College propose to the Synod those of the students whom they consider to have shown such evidence of superior talent as fits them for the place, from which the Synod chooses one, who is then provided with funds, and sent to complete his studies in some foreign University. One of the German Universities is commonly chosen; formerly Gottingen was the favorite; but since recent events have deprived it of its fame, Berlin is preferred. Those students who have enjoyed the advantages of study in foreign Universities are mostly placed in the College of Klausenburg, where they teach the higher branches of science, the lower ones being taught by young men who, having finished their studies, are waiting to be appointed to some vacant cure, under the superintendence of a Professor, called Pædagogarcha. There are four Professors in Klausenburg, of whom one is always General Notary, another Rector, and a third Pædagogarcha.

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"The Unitarians are very anxious about the welfare of their schools, and the instruction of the youths placed in them. Even from the smallest village schools annual reports must be sent in to the great Consistory, which bestows praise and rewards on such teachers as have distinguished themselves by their zeal and capacity, as well as reprimands and punishes those who have neglected their duty. The consequence of this is, that those professing other religions are obliged to confess, that, in proportion to their numbers more intelligent, well informed young men are sent out of the Unitarian schools than from any others, and, consequently, many Catholics and Calvinists avail themselves of them for the education of their children. Out of the two hundred scholars in the Unitarian Gymnasium of Thorda, no less than forty belong to other religions."—pp. 310-312.

The writer refers to proofs of the eloquence and learning of the Unitarian clergymen and writers of Transylvania. He adds:—

"The Unitarians are no longer disturbed in those rights and privileges which have so often been assured to them by the laws. They enjoy the same liberties with the other established religions, and two of the highest posts under government are at present filled by Unitarians—that of Counsellor of State, by Michael Sala, and that of President of the Royal Table (the Supreme Court of Justice,) by Elek Daniel, who is, also, Chief Curator of the Unitarian community."—p. 313.

The following interesting particulars were furnished, as appears from the initials, by Mr Paget, already referred to as the translator of the article.

"The order of church service differs but little from that of England. It commences with an introductory hymn, after which is a Canticle, in which the whole congregation joins: prayer:—Canticle, standing up: sermon, followed by benediction: Canticle. The churches are mostly modern structures, plain in style, but generally with tower and belfrey, and when the congregation can afford it, furnished with an organ. The pulpit and clerk's desk differ little from those in England, except in the plainness of their materials, being mostly of unpainted deal or oak.—There are no pews, but open seats, on the one side for the men, and on the other for the women. As no church is ever heated, it requires some courage to sit during a service in a winter scarcely less cold than that of Moscow; and nothing but furs and sheepskins enables one to hold out. On Sundays, there is, mostly, service twice a day, and in some places prayers every morning soon after sunrise. "When a vacancy occurs in a Unitarian Church, the congregation names three eligible persons for the office of pastor, from whom the bishop nominates one to the situation. There is no right of patronage (a sort of right of presentation) in the lord of the manor, as among the Calvinists. No person is eligible who has not gone through the full course of education in the College of Klausenburg, and, except in certain prescribed cases, served three years as village schoolmaster. The office of schoolmaster, therefore, must be considered as a transition one, and introductory merely to the ministry; though there are cases in which, from want of talent or knowledge, it becomes permanent. The Unitarian clergy receive no payment, from the crown now, except in a few cases, the legal tithes. Their payment, however, is generally in kind. Every head of a family, and every house-holder, gives a certain fixed quantity of corn, commonly in the sheaf; in some cases a small sum of money is added from a charitable fund, and there is for the most part some glebe land, varying from two or three acres to thirty or forty. This the clergyman generally cultivates himself, and mostly with his own hands, though he can often reckon on some help from his flock during havest-time. Even the richest of the Transylvanian clergy are poor, and the poor have barely enough to find their families in a sufficiency of the plainest food. The greatest part of their clothing is spun and woven at home. The payment of the schoolmaster is commonly about half that of the clergyman. In parishes which are too poor to maintain a clergyman, a layman, under the name of Levite, performs the service. The clergyman enjoys the privileges of gentility although of ignoble origin; but this rank does not become hereditary in his family. In common with other members of the privileged class, the clergy are free from all toils and taxes."—pp. 313, 314.

ORLANDO PITTS—ANDREW F. COLLAMORE.

Some, we are sure, were there, who, though through that dark morning-hour not much light for our eyes falls on their deportment, must in every thing have been kind and noble, as they were in all their former days. We are not wont in these pages to give eulogies of the departed, save in regard to those of public note as well as distinguished excellence. But the circumstances in the present case occupying so much of the public attention, and in a manner enshrining and setting on high those who in the ordinary course of life would have pursued the track most honorable of all, of humble virtue, may perhaps justify us in making here an exception. And from the many worthy men on board that boat we single out two, because they, as religious young men and Sunday-school teachers in this city in congregations with which we are acquainted, are within the reach of our knowledge or inquiry.—We refer to Orlando Pitts and Andrew Fuller Collamore. One other of similar excellence, associated with them by the public sympathy on account of their common prospects in life, we would fain include, but our necessarily hasty preparation of these remarks afford us no opportunity to gain particular knowledge respecting him. In regard to all these may we not believe, that if kindred and friends could have seen them, they would have beheld their generous sentiments still prevailing, their pious trust in God saying,—"Peace, be still!" even to the agitations of terror within! And in the farewells of their yearning, unspeakable love to the variously dear on earth, in the secret self-commitment to God's mercy, in the gleams of immortal light breaking through the midnight gloom, may we not see divine compensations for all the agony? Pitts had proved, a character of no common stamp. Our pen hesitates in the attempt to delineate in the usual manner his traits. For he himself rises up before us, with his own sunny countenance and benignant eye, through which the ingenuous thoughts and beaming affections shone forth like the bright pebbles from the bottom of a clear brook. He was not "slothful in business," yet religiously studious. He was a good son, and felt that more exalted devotion which had not refused the request, "My son, give me thy heart." Religion had not come to him by violence, but was grafted into the natural growth of his mind. He was marked by purity. A friend and companion testifies that he never heard an unbecoming word fall from his lips.—And he himself has said that he stove, when in the place of festivity, to maintain such a frame of mind as he should be willing to leave the world in, and appear before God. The bent of his mind is shown by a circumstance we may mention, of his raising the question with a friend, what example Christ would have set in the walks of business. There was one trait so prominent and noticeable in his character as to deserve special mention,—the love of the young. He sympathized with the very heart of childhood, and drew it strongly to himself. Indeed, he seemed to retain many of the distinguishing qualities of children, and with reluctance to be led by the hand of time away from their equal society and fellowship. Looking upon his countenance and observing his manner, one could hardly believe he had advanced beyond youth himself.—Yet he showed no childish immaturity or weakness, but ordered the course of his conduct with a wise decision. He was in truth the child and the man, in that combination which an apostle enjoins. God willing, we would gladly have been informed of the manner in which he met his destiny.* But we have known him so well, that we cheerfully submit to the decree, that no light should rest on his last hours but that which our entire trust in him supplies. Could his early fate lead all who knew him, especially his familiar associates, to take his religious course, that would be a compensation which might bring a smile over the countenance of the departed even in heaven.

Of Collamore we regret that we cannot speak from the same intimacy of personal acquaintance and friendship, and essay to draw his likeness from a living image in our own heart. But, by what we learn respecting him from his pastor and one other dear friend, we are persuaded he was worthy of an equal fellowship with Pitts in a moral regard, and to another corresponding circle of kindred and friendship his name will be ever in like manner memorable and dear; while to those now widowed, as they were wedded, in heart, the fate of these two, with that of a third to whom we have alluded, has borne a shaft of sorrow, the keenness of which we may not describe. We only commend those young loved ones to God, praying that the hand which hath wounded them may in mercy heal. Collamore was distinguished for the intelligence and manliness of his religious aims. The strength of his convictions, and the earnestness of his feelings, made his a leading and influential mind. He felt that he was sent into the world for an object which he strove to see clearly and fulfil. His principles were high, and his affections constant. He was true to friends in his own walk of life, and gained friends in every walk which he but entered. He combined in his disposition warmth with self control, and readiness in every good work with unpretending modesty. He was deliberate in forming, but firm in maintaining, his purposes and opinions. He was just and kindly to all. But his not least interesting trait was the feeling of peculiar tenderness and respect, which, perhaps, cherished in early life towards a mother, he extended to all belonging to the mother's sex with an attention which we might call chivalrous, were it not better called Christian.

We have some knowledge of his deportment in the hour of gloom before the wreck. He joined actively in the religious exercises which were performed, himself reading a hymn, and offering a prayer in which love and submission to God were blended. They were in the Father's hand he said, and would yield themselves to the Father's disposal. "Tell my friends," he requested of his companion, "if you survive and I perish that I die willingly and calmly." What bequest to them so precious, as that he was both resigned and prepared to go!

* From one of the survivors, who has returned since this article was prepared, it has been ascertained that no person on board was more remarkable than Pitts for a calm self possession, without sign of agitation or terror, continuing to the last. [Christian Examiner.

We copy below three articles from the New York Evangelist, a paper which almost always contains a large amount of interesting matter. The first of these three articles exhibits a degree of intimacy with the evil one, and a knowledge of his plans and modes of action, such as we hardly supposed any one to possess at the present day. Where or how the knowledge was obtained we are unable to say. We publish the article, that our readers may know what views are entertained by some intelligent men among us.

The second article, The Power of Kindness, is excellent. Its lesson should be borne in mind by us all

The third article we copy in order to call the attention of our readers to a Society instituted in this city within the last year for the very commendable purpose of aiding discharged convicts.

FALLEN ANGELS.

No sooner will the soul enter the invisible world, than it will have a full view of apostate spirits, who swarm about the earth, like flocks of hungry vultures around the battle-field, eager to seize upon their prey. As every Christian has a good angel to accompany him in all his wanderings in this wilderness-world, so we apprehend every impenitent sinner is escorted by an evil demon wherever he goes. Satan is the prince of the power of the air. He takes his position in mid air, that he may watch his opportunity to do mischief to the inhabitants of this world. He holds rapid and frequent intercourse with his infernal legions from his lofty watch-tower. He says to one of his servants, "*Go,*" and he goeth, and to another, "*Come,*" and he cometh, and to another, "*Do this,*" and he doeth it. He is continually carrying on his hellish operations against the peace and happiness of mankind. Ever since he plotted the ruin of our race, and seduced our first parents to disobey God, he has acted as though he was under obligations to frustrate every plan which has been devised for their benefit. He goes about to stir up strife among families, and neighborhoods, and nations. He gathers Gog and Magog together to battle. He delights in those feelings of hatred and revenge, which draw armies and individuals into deadly combat. He stirs up one portion of mankind to make merchandise of another. He was the grand originator of the slave-trade; and is the constant upholder and defender of the slave-trade, and slavery. It was by his assistance that the Arabian chemist discovered *alcohol*, and he has used this infernal invention, and that of gunpowder, to hurry our race, by thousands, down to his dark abode in hell. He moves rulers, as he did David, to sin against God, and thus draw down the divine displeasure upon the nations. He used his most subtle wiles to prevent the work of redemption being accomplished. But since he did not succeed in seducing our Savior, he tries all his force to hinder men from coming to Christ for salvation. His plans and devices are numerous and subtle, for the completion of his hellish purposes. If he cannot keep all men from hearing the Gospel preached, he will impudently go to the house of God, and catch away the word sown in their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved. By his artful insinuations he fills the minds of multitudes with prejudice against religion and religious people. All the heathen and Mohammedan nations he leads captive at his pleasure; and thus he can boast that his followers, in this world, are far more numerous than the followers of the Prince of Peace. His agents go with lightning speed to execute his orders and accomplish his purposes.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Years ago we were in habits of familiar intercourse with a family, consisting of the parents and their two sons. These parents were both professing Christians, and enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and esteem of all who knew them. Their piety was much above the common standard. There was a sincerity, a solidity and a circumspection about it, which everywhere commanded respect. On this account, we remember often to have felt surprised that their two sons, who had been brought up almost to manhood under their immediate care, and had never been for any length of time absent from home, should yet be, not only destitute of religion, but active leaders in all wickedness, bold ringleaders in all iniquity in their neighborhood, and fearless scoffers at religious things. The father died soon after, but no visible effect was produced by this event upon their minds. Not long since we met the widowed mother, and from her learned, for the first time, and with unspeakable pleasure and surprise, that both of her sons had for many months given evidence of a change of heart, and from being ringleaders in all wickedness had become meek, gentle and gracious disciples of the Savior.

We could not refrain from expressing surprise, and some curiosity to know what means had been owned of God to effect their conversion. The mother frankly replied, that by some means she had been led to think, that her anxiety for her sons in their unregenerate state had frequently imparted a warmth to her manner in reproving them, which she now believed savored more of soured fretfulness than of love, and she clearly saw that the effect upon them was wholly injurious and repulsive. She pondered this thought in her heart, and retiring to her closet, bowed in prayer for the assistance of Divine grace to enable her wholly to change her spirit and manner towards her children. She rose, baptized with the spirit of tenderness and love. She approached her sons with a heart overflowing with pitying tenderness, and in due time observed a corresponding change in them, and ultimately their hearts yielded to the new spirit of the mother.

Such, very briefly, was the mother's account of the means that proved successful with her almost hopeless sons; and we suspect many a parent and many a minister might derive from it a useful lesson. We risk nothing in saying that harshness and bitterness of speech and manner have caused many a heart to recoil in disgust from the subject of religion, which might by wiser means have been drawn to reflection and repentance.

We are reminded here of a circumstance related by the naturalist Audubon, as occurring within his knowledge a few years ago, of a certain individual who for many years had led the life of a pirate. On one occasion, while cruising along the coast of Florida, he landed, and was lying in the shade on the bank of a creek, when his attention was arrested by the soft and mournful note of a Zenaida dove. As he listened, each repetition of the melancholy sound seemed to him a voice of pity. It seemed to him like a voice from the past, a message from childhood's innocent and sunny hours—then it appeared like a voice of deep, sad sorrow for him, the far-off wanderer, the self-ruined, guilty prodigal; and so thoroughly did it rouse him from his long sleep of sin, that there, on that lonely spot, where no minister of mercy had ever stood, he resolved within himself to renounce his guilty life, return to virtuous society, and seek the mercy of God; a resolution which he subsequently fulfilled, as we are assured by the narrator.

There is that in the human heart which responds to the voice of gentle, pitying love, when all other agencies have lost their power; when all the thunder and lightning of Sinai itself might roll and glitter in vain. Would that there were more, among those disposed to do good, who would make full proof of the omnipotence of the spirit of kindness, pity and love. The spirit of Jesus must be the model of our benevolence.

SOCIETY FOR DISCHARGED CONVICTS.

This meritorious Society was organized here about nine months ago, and its benevolent object is to assist the convicts, which are discharged from the State's Prison at Charlestown, in finding employment and obtaining an honest support. Such men need friends at the moment of their release, if ever, in their lives. They are peculiarly exposed to the temptation of relapsing into their former evil courses. Their prison acquaintances are, in many cases, almost their only acquaintance. At this critical period, this Society undertakes to find them a home. From the acquaintance the Society forms with him, while he is in confinement, they can judge what kind of employment he can most successfully pursue. They exert themselves to find such an occupation for him, and to establish him in some business, with the chance of going forward and becoming an upright and respected man.

This Society commenced its operations April 4th, 1846. Since that time fifty-five convicts have been discharged, all of whom have been directly or indirectly aided. Not one of them has been recommitted to prison. Last year fifteen were recommitted. Twenty dollars were loaned to one of them. He is now in a most responsible situation, is doing well, and has already refunded a part of the loan.

Heretofore the discharged convict has been shunned. He rarely found employment, and this fact has often paved the way for the recommission of crime, and re-commitment to prison. Now, the scene is changing, and through the benevolent and humane offices of this Institution, many convicts will be saved from the repetition of criminal acts, and converted into industrious, respectable and useful citizens. Surely, such an Institution as this is, in the eloquent language of Robert Hall, one of "the multiplied blessings which Christianity scatters by the way, in her sublime march to immortality."

A PRACTICAL THOUGHT.

Dr. Deane, a clergyman, of great talants and learning, when on his death bed, and taking a solemn farewell of his friends, said: "I repent of all my life but that part of it which I spent in communion with God and in doing good."

The greatest and hardest work of a Christian is least in sight, which is the well ordering of his heart. [Sibbes.

[From the London Art Union.]

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

"It made me think, as it has done many others, and I bless God for the means and the end," said an old Chelsea pensioner, pointing to the great picture in the College chapel. I had wandered into the holy place in the twilight of a summer evening, attracted more by its picturesque appearance, as I looked down the aisle through the open doors, than from any desire to see the few paintings therein contained; but the observation made me regard the picture attentively. Still I could not make out the subject; the altar was in shadow. I only saw the figure of our Savior looking down, as it were, in mercy on the world. "And what is the subject?" I enquired of the old man. "Some call it a Resurrection, and others an Ascension," he replied; but when I look at it, I only think of the greatness and goodness of Him who fought the good fight for us; there is something so noble in the Savior's face, I always sit opposite to it, and look while I listen; I think if the picture is so beautiful, what must He be?"

The old soldier was himself a picture; the records of "a hundred fights" were written amid the bold and determined wrinkles of his brow; though the flesh had shrunk from the bone and muscle of his limbs, they remained firm, and more rigid than ever. The old Hector some sixty years ago, must have been a giant in strength and vigor. He had been at the siege of Gibraltar—the Rock, as he called it, and spoke of the Duke as a wonderful young man. He had lost an arm at the commencement of the Peninsular war, and was then, he confessed, old. The last time he beheld the glory of England, was on his entrance into Cadiz—that was worth remembering; talk of sights, that was a sight—and he paused, while his eye was kindled by his memory, and he planted his foot more firmly on the earth. "They keep on saying, he added, "that the Duke is growing old; "he knew that was not true; he was nothing but a boy to him! how could he be old then! He could fight still, himself, if he had an arm, though, perhaps, at his time of life, it would be as well not! He had seen a picture once that made him feel almost as much as that one there, though it was only a print in a story or history book. It was of an old lady taking a pistol from an old man's hand, and placing the Bible before him. Printed underneath were these words, or some of the same meaning, "The Bible is the only thing for thy old hands now." "Ah," added the veteran, "I like a picture; many of us old fellows who can't see to read a book, can look at a picture and learn from it!" While wandering homewards, under the shadow of the noble trees which form so appropriate an avenue to the veteran's palace, I thought much of the soldier's phrase and feeling—and fully agreed with him, in the powerful impression of pictures, on the heart and the mind. L. G. P.

TEMPERANCE.

We have received two letters from Moses Grant to Moses Williams. They are too personal for our paper, though they seem to us written in a Christian spirit and with a solemn conviction of the truth of what is said. Laying aside anything which may be said with reference to Mr. Williams personally, we cannot but think that Dea. Grant is laboring in a righteous cause, which, notwithstanding present discouragements, must ultimately prevail. We subjoin from the paper which has been sent to us a few extracts from different writers.

Rev. W. E. Channing said:—"It is the capital of the rich, which erects the distillery, and surrounds men with temptations to self-murder. The retailer takes shelter under the wholesale dealer, from whom he purchases the pernicious draught; and has he not a right so to do? Can we expect that he should shrink from spreading on a small scale, what others spread largely and without rebuke? Can we expect his conscience to be sensitive, when he treads in the steps of men of reputation?"

Rev. E. H Chapin.—"Who sustain them? Who keep open their doors, and lend them all the respectability that remains to them? Evidently, those who are themselves respectable, the *wealthy*, the *fashionable*, the *influential!*—And, if we go back to final causes, who then are the causes of the traffic? this dark, accursed traffic here that opens its sluices all around us? that crams your warehouses, and with which huge ships come reeling to your wharves?"

Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher:—"I challenge any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder."

Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Jr.:—"No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this,—and I am sure that no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instruments of intoxication."

Mr. George Russell, of Plymouth County, once a vender of rum, described the horrors of the traffic, and expressed his delight that he had quitted it.

Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland:—"If any man chooses to continue the traffic in alcohol, I have but one word to say. My brother, when you order a cargo of intoxicating drink, think how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it up, think how many curses you are heaping together against yourself. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cask will ruin. Let your thoughts then avert to your own fireside, to your wife, and to your little ones; look upward to Him who judgeth righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, Is THIS RIGHT?"

Rev. J. Pierpont:—"I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous."

Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont:—"The traffic in intoxicating liquors has been, and is, one of the most prolific sources of vice, crime, misery, and ruin, in existence. For fifteen years have I lent my humble aid in the effort to back its desolating tide. I have seen its terrible effects upon the intellects, the consciences, the hearts, the happiness, the hopes of men. My heart has bled at the sight of the once happy homes made desolate, and the once cheerful and buoyant hearts crushed by it in the agony of despair. Our poor houses, our State Prison, and our Insane Asylum, all bear witness to its ravages upon the bodies, estates, minds and hearts of men."

Hon. David Daggett:—"The argument appears to me irresistible. To make or sell ardent spirits for common use, is as wicked as to make or sell poison for the same purpose. It being admitted that the use of this article is destructive to health, reputation and property, (and the proof of this fact is overwhelming,) it follows, conclusively, that those who make it and sell it, do it with a high hand, against God, and the highest interests of their fellow men. The blood of murdered souls and bodies will be required at their hands."

The People in Faneuil Hall:—"Resolved, That in the light of that inspired declaration, 'Woe unto him who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips,' we find ourselves bound to include in our condemnation of the traffic in alcoholic liquors, every form and grade of this pernicious employment; and, that, in our view, no amount of wealth, nor elevation of social position, should shield the manufacturer, importer or retailer of these articles, from having applied to him the full measure of denunciation conveyed in the language of Holy Writ."

'Within a few months, as the result of this traffic, a once respectable mechanic of Pittsfield, Mass., became drunken, and was torn to pieces while laying insensible on the railroad track, by the passing of the train in the darkness of the night. A public meeting was held on which occasion:

His Excellency, George N. Briggs asked:—"Who did the deed? Who robbed those children of a father, and made that wife a widow, perhaps a maniac? It was not the ponderous engine, rushing with whilwind speed over its iron road. It was the vender of intoxicating drink—the man who in defiance of all laws, human and divine, scattered around him the seeds of temporal and eternal death. For all the wealth that liquors bought and sold have earned, I would not stand in that man's place."

Rev. Dr. E. Beecher:—"Compared the liquor traffic to an engine. It was not by placing the hand upon one wheel or another that the machine could be stopped, but you must destroy the power that gives the whole life and motion. So with liquor sellers; it was not by stopping the retailer, but by stopping the men on Long wharf and Central wharf—men who are clothed in broadcloth and fine linen, who live in Beacon and Summer streets, and who fare sumptuously every day, and who are courted and honored—that the traffic could be destroyed."

Rev. Dr. Tuckerman:—"Remove but one obstacle from our way, and I am quite persuaded that three fourths of the crime and nearly all the pauperism of this class, could be prevented.—But what great moral results are to be looked for from the efforts of a few individuals, while ministers to the intemperance of these are as a hundred to one of their religious or christian friends."

SANCTIFICATION.

A friend of Archbishop Usher's supposing that he had approximated very near to a state of sanctification, and was therefore more experimentally acquainted with its nature than almost any other Christian of his age, very earnestly solicited him to give his views on that subject in print. Usher promised to comply with his friend's wishes, but some time having elapsed without his doing it, his friend charged him with remissness in the performance of his engagement. The archbishop answered, that he could not plead guilty to the charge, for the non-fulfilment of his promise had not arisen from neglect; but the more he had contemplated the subject, the more he discovered how very circumscribed his knowledge of it was, and he confessed himself totally inadequate to the task assigned him. "Men," said he, "little understand what sanctification and the new creature mean; it is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up his heart continually in the flame of love, as a whole burnt offering to Christ."

[Translated for the New York Recorder.]

CHRISTMAS.

I ADORE thee, infant Savior, naked and weeping in the manger. I would love nothing so much as thy weakness and poverty! Oh, that I were poor and childlike as thou art! Oh! eternal wisdom, humbled to become a child, take from me my vain and presumptuous understanding, and make me a babe like thee! Be silent, ye wise men of the world! I would be nothing; I would know nothing

ing that it call its own. Thus, we are wise no longer, but God in us and for us will be our wisdom. Christ will speak in us, when we think we express ourselves with a stammering tongue. Holy child Jesus! none that are not children can reign with thee. (Fenelon.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 16, 1847.

THE SUPREME DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

The following correspondence between a lady and a somewhat distinguished Presbyterian minister in South Carolina, has been sent to us to make such use of it, as the interests of truth may seem to require. The first letter expresses, we have no doubt, only the difficulties which often occur to thinking persons among the Trinitarians, and though the answer is written with apparent candor and with ability, our readers will not be surprised to learn, that it "has proved far from satisfactory to the individual who wrote the letter of inquiry."

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To ——

Rev Sir,—I was incidentally your hearer last summer in S. during the series of meetings that were held at the time in connection with the opening of the new Presbyterian Church in that village. Though you preached several times, the occasion to which I particularly refer, was the sermon before the administration of the Lord's Supper. I was listening with great interest to your discourse, till I heard a sentiment so remarkable that I have not only not forgotten it since, but have been compelled, from the strange and peculiar impression it made on my mind, to recall it again and again. It has exceedingly shaken my faith in the doctrine of the Deity of Christ, which I have been educated to believe, and accustomed to place among the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The sentiment I refer to, was the following. I may not give you precisely the language, but I can hardly be mistaken with regard to its meaning. You said, that the sufferings of the Savior on the Cross were so intense, that though he was himself one of the persons in the Godhead, he was constrained to call loudly on his Father for help in the outcry, "my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." My mind immediately started on the enquiry—how is this? If the Son of God, the second person in the Trinity is fully equal to the first, "equal in power and in glory," as well as "the same in substance," as the Presbyterian catechism teaches, and as the doctrine of my own Church, why could not the divine nature in Christ support the human, without laying him under the necessity of crying out in a distressing manner, to his Father.

I farther reasoned in this way. Or if the divine Person of the Father *must* be invoked to assist or uphold the divine Person of the Son it would be more natural to address him "My Father, &c.", than "My God, &c."; so that the language seemed more to me, like that of a creature, calling for help on his Creator, than a Son, equal to his Father, calling on that Father.

From that day to this, I have continued to be troubled and perplexed with this difficulty, and it has done more to unsettle my belief in the real Deity of Christ, than almost any thing I have read or heard for a considerable time. In this disturbed and distracted state of mind, I have concluded at length to write you myself on the subject, and beg you to relieve me, if you can, as you may have some mode of solving the difficulty I have suggested, which has not occurred to my mind, and which I have never met with, either in conversation or in books. Indeed I feel some backwardness in mentioning my difficulties to my minister or to Christian friends, lest they should be alarmed at the idea, that I might be inclining to abandon the faith of my Church and of my ancestors.

Please excuse the liberty I have taken, of resorting to you for help, opinion and advice. It was natural for me to apply to the Divine, who has occasioned my perplexity, for aid in throwing it off. It is with great reluctance, that I can entertain the thought of abandoning a tenet which I did not use to question. You will confer on me an invaluable favor by replying to my letter, as soon as you conveniently can, and by solving the doubts under which I labor.

C. A.

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Nov. 24, 1846.

My Dear Madam,—Your letter of November 1, did not reach here till I had left home to attend upon the meeting of the Synod. I take the earliest moment that I can command to reply, for it grieves me that I have been instrumental in any way, of unsettling your mind in a doctrine so glorious and essential to the Christian scheme as the Supreme divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Though I have nothing in the brief outline of my discourse, (a discourse which was not written except as to its heads,) which can give me a clue to the expressions I used, I have no reason to doubt the correctness of your recollection, nor that I used the terms you ascribed to me. Indeed I had a painful feeling myself, when at night I reflected upon that portion of my discourse, that I had spoken unguardedly and inaccurately, that I am not surprised at the shock your own feelings sustained, though I am greatly grieved at the effect which you say has been produced, in unsettling your faith. The doctrine of the incarnation of the infinite and eternal word, who was in existence when creation began, who was with God, by whom all things were made and without whom nothing was made which is made, is a mystery which the finite mind cannot comprehend. For the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, nor the infant of days the eternal. He that created all things is God, but this word is the creator of all things. He whom angels worship is God, but they worship God's only begotten Son. He whom Saints in heaven praise and adore is above all creatures, but they adore Christ their redeemer. He who had a glory before the world was, existed before the world, and so was no creature, could be none other than God.—None can forgive sin but God only, yet he forgave sin, and is therefore God. He that could do all things which the Father doeth, and could know the Father, the infinite one, even as the Father knew him, must be in his original nature equal with the Father, and as he is declared to be, must be *God over all blessed forever*.

But when the eternal word became incarnated, no less great is the mystery of godliness, *God manifest in the flesh*. The divine nature of the Son assumes a true human nature, a true human body and soul: for the Son of God is to be the substitute for his sinning people, is to occupy their place and to fulfil the law in its requirements and its penalty for them. He must be made therefore in all respects like unto his brethren whose nature he assumed into union with himself. Of course Christ being a true and proper man and occupying our legal place, like men must be dependant, subject to law, and placing in this human nature reliance upon a superior power like them whose legal place he assumed. Hence he prayed as his people pray, was endowed as a man with supernatural gifts as his disciples were, though in a higher and more constant degree, and received aid from on high as we receive aid. And in his agony he wrestled with God in his vehement supplication. Who, says the apostle, in the days of his flesh offered up prayer and supplication, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared; was sustained, as I suppose, that he should not sink under his sufferings before they were accomplished. Yet because he was a substitute and laden with imputed guilt, during one mysterious moment the countenance of the Father was averted, his aid and encouragement withdrawn, and he cried, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" You ask why, if he were the Son equal with the Father, he did not call upon him in different language, My Father, My Father, &c. I answer, because in that divine nature, in which alone his sonship existed, he needed not his Father's aid. In his human created nature alone he needed it, and therefore he cried as a creature to his God on whom he depended. I understand all this as a part of his humiliation, and as a part of that conformity to his brethren which the apostle tells us is meet and proper. He stood in the place of sinners, and was therefore situated in all possible respects as they were.

These are the aspects of his humanity behind which his divine nature was as it were hidden. But there were seasons when this divine nature shone out and the disciples beheld his glory; when he by his omniscience knew the character of Nathaniel whom he had never seen, and knew what was in man; when he commanded the waves and the seas with authority and they obeyed him; when he with the word of his omnipotence awoke Lazarus from death, and restored by his touch the widow's son; performing these and all his miracles, not by invoking any other name, but by his own power, and his own divine right.

Now then if I said in my sermon, as I fear I may have done, in the excited state of my feelings at that moment, that the divine nature of the Son *could* not uphold his human nature in the hour of his agony, and that because it *could* not the Father was invoked, if I said this without any qualification, or if I implied that the *divine person* of the Son, cried to the *divine person* of the Father for aid which it was *unable* to furnish, as your language seems to insinuate, but of which I have no recollection, then I committed an error greater than I ever supposed I could commit and only admitting of explanation from the strong view I was taking of Christ's sufferings at the time. It is entirely possible among men for persons possessing equal power to perform any given service, to agree among themselves that at a certain time one of them shall retire from this service and it shall be performed by the others, or that it shall be performed at that time only in part by one and not completely and wholly performed but by the co-operation of the others. So here. In the counsels of eternity this whole plan of our redemption was devised by the Triune God. The Son consented to suffer all he did suffer, and exactly as he in fact suffered, for guilty man; consented to hide in human nature the manifestations of his glory, and though he should sustain and enlighten the nature he would take into union with his glorious person, to sustain it in concert with, and not in exclusion of the other persons of the glorious Godhead whose office it is to instruct, guide and enable those who possess this human nature. He did not therefore shut out, if I may so speak, from the inclosure of that humanity he assumed, any of those divine influences which are vouchsafed to men of Adam's race, and none of those offices of kindness shown by man to his fellow man. Mary, Salome, and Peter ministered to his coporeal wants, and not to the divinity within him. He lived as other men lived and not by miracle. And he prayed as other men prayed.

Yet on the other hand, he did *all* the works the Father did. He laid down his own life, and it was not taken from him by force. He assumed it again and came forth by his own power from the sepulchre of Joseph, ascended on high and took his seat on his Father's throne. He showed in many ways that he is God over all blessed forever.

I have thus hastily, Dear Madam, answered the question which I fear very injuriously to you, I have been instrumental in raising. And if I have not succeeded in removing all doubt, I shall be happy to do any thing in my power to relieve any difficulty which may still remain. Yet we must remember that none of us by searching can find out God, none can find out the Almighty unto perfection.

With great respect,
I remain very truly yours,

C.

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We do not see how any one can read this reply, without feeling how much this whole scheme of salvation rests upon and is sustained by a human philosophy. The explanation of the doctrine in the life and death of Jesus is only a specimen of the arrogance of *human* reason; and the arguments by which it is proved, while nominally scriptural, are in fact drawn from the same source.

"He that created all things is God, but this Word is the Creator of all." Very true; but is this word Christ, or only the divine wisdom and intelligence manifested in Christ?

"He whom angels worship is God; but they worship God's only forgotten son." Every Greek scholar knows, that the word which is translated "to worship," is used not only to express the homage paid to God, but the homage and respect paid to man.

"He whom Saints in heaven praise and adore is above all creatures, but they adore Christ, their Redeemer." Is the word *adore* to be found in the Bible in connection with Christ? And what authority have we for saying that he whom the Saints in heaven praise and honor is like God, above all creatures? That is merely the assumption of the human reason.

"He who had a glory before the world was, existed before the world, and so was no creature, could be none other than God." If Christ were, as we are told, "the beginning of the creation of God," he may have existed before the world, and yet he must have been created, and therefore not God.

"None can forgive sin but God only, yet he forgave sin and is therefore God." The unbelieving scribes (Mark ii; 7.) to be sure, asked "who can forgive sin but God only?" But do we recognize their authority as religious teachers?—Jesus has said, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, &c." *We* may then forgive sin;—but are we therefore God? Beyond this, unquestionably, "the Son of man has power on earth to forgive sins," but it is only an assumption of human reason to infer from this that he was God.

"He who could do all things which the Father doeth and could know the Father, the infinite one, even as the Father knew him, must be, in his original nature equal with the Father, and as he is declared to be, must be God over all blessed forever." But Jesus certainly does make a distinction. The Son can do *nothing of himself*, but what he seeth the Father do. For the Father loveth the Son and showeth him &c. (John v; 19, 20.) The Son's was a derived power. "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he *given* to the Son to have life in himself." And as to the knowledge, it was not original, but derived; "The Father showeth him &c." As to the question at the close of this sentence, (Rom. ix; 5.) "Christ, who is over all, God blessed forever," the whole force of the sentence depends upon the manner in which it is punctuated in the original Greek, and there can be no good reason why it should not be punctuated so as to read,—"Whose are the Fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh.—Christ came Godwho is over all, be blessed forever."

"When he by his omniscience knew the character of Nathaniel whom he had never seen" * * * "when he with the word of his omnipotence awoke Lazarus from death," * * * performing these and all his miracles not by invoking any other name &c." Omniscience required to know the character of Nathaniel, or omnipotence to awake Lazarus from death!—What authority is there for such an inference, and yet a great part of the reasoning that we have seen and heard for the supreme divinity of Christ, rests on just such unwarrantable assumptions. As if there were no intermediate degrees of power between that of feeble man in his natural state and the infinite God, or as if God might not endow even man with any portion of his own knowledge and power. But in the argument there is another mistake—"performing these and all his miracles not by invoking any other name &c." Will the reader turn to John xi; 41, 42, and see whether Jesus invoked no other name, whether he does not expressly acknowledge the source of all his power, though he may not in each particular instance mention it. "Father, I thank thee, that thou hast heard me; and I knew that thou hearest me always." These words were spoken, at the grave of Lazarus.

We have now examined every sentence in this letter, which can, in any way, be considered as an argument, and if this article should happen to fall into the hands of a Trinitarian, we would beseech him to throw aside, for the time being, his Theological philosophy, and go to the Scriptures, in a devout and prayerful spirit, to ascertain from them, by a careful study, what they teach respecting Christ. We are glad at any time, when called upon, to discuss the subject by meeting the arguments of Unitarians, but when we fall in with those whose minds are perplexed and who are anxious to learn what is the truth, we have hardly ever allowed ourselves to reason with them, or to give them Unitarian works of Theology. "Go," we uniformly say, "to the Bible. Go especially to the Gospels. Read the words of Christ. Study them in a devout and humble spirit, ready to receive whatever they may teach." We have not known an instance in which this course of study has not resulted in the rejection of Calvinism as a system of faith. If Trinitarians really believe, that their doctrines are distinctly taught in the Bible, why are they so afraid to trust to the Bible alone?—Why can they not let it teach its own articles of faith and be its own expositor, with no authoritative creed to fix its meaning? We are ready to receive the doctrine of the Trinity, if it can be found in the Scriptures, but we cannot consent to take it from human hands.

LEAVES

From the Journal of a young Minister in poor health.

May 10. For the last two years, I have been not even a spectator in the world. One year of entire seclusion from men and books, and one year of a sickly and imperfect intercourse, have passed by. Yet I have not been forsaken. He who giveth not as the world giveth, hath borne me up under the sorest pressure of disease, and made the near prospect of death not only cheerful, but even inviting. O, who, that has once felt this soothing influence, would give up the hopes and inward comforts of religion, for all that this world has besides? If I should ever gain strength to preach, how rich will be the theme of God's mercies, as revealed in the chamber of weakness and pain. In health and prosperity, may I never forget the lessons which have been so affectingly taught.

I call to mind with peculiar pleasure an evening in November. For a month I had been shut up in darkness, and had seen no object of nature, but had been left entirely to my own physical sufferings, and the bright visions of spiritual life which shed their light upon them. I could bear the presence of no one in my room. But in the twilight of a beautiful evening, I was allowed to sit up a few minutes. The thick curtains were removed from a single pane of glass, so that I could see a distant hill, the place of my birth, and a small portion of the sky. And there, the earth through the twilight gradually melting into sky, how easy the transition from the spot where life, now apparently dying out, began, to the heaven where I hoped so soon to renew it.—The verdure of the fields was all gone. The long bare arms of the maples were reaching up as in prayer. The earth everywhere bore marks of death, and the night was closing in. But that mild western light, forerunner of the stars, spoke of the all embodying life of God and the softened glories of his countenance, which welcome the spirit, as it leaves its tabernacle of flesh. I would not exchange those few moments for the proudest hour of a conqueror's career. And yet, it did not require these outward splendors to touch my soul with a sense of the divine goodness.—But the shortest hours that I have known and the happiest thoughts, were in the watches of the night, when all around were asleep, and silence and darkness slumbered together upon the earth. Those hours of meditation, lying as I did on the confines of the two worlds, hardly knowing to which I most belonged, can never be forgotten. Sickness, surely, is not of necessity the cheerless thing which man has so often made it. There are cases, sent, we know, with a merciful design, where the mind is entirely overcome with the pains of disease, or for a time, entombed in the body and all its faculties sealed up against the day of final deliverance. How much reason have I for gratitude, that such has not been my experience.

CHRISTIANITY.

What is Christianity? It is a light dawning upon the intellect, leading it to understand the ways and purposes of God in respect to us, reconciling things that now seem at variance, through the disclosures which it makes of an eternal world. It comes, a fostering spirit, to all the tender, sensitive affections of our own nature, bringing then into a beautiful union with the corresponding affections of others and most of all with Christ, through whom they are renewed and sanctified, and at last transferred to a society in which they shall bleed and suffer no more.—It is a guide and a strengthener to the conscience, teaching it the way of life and confirming its own intimations by the sanctions of eternity. It is the great atonement between man and God—offering freely pardon and forgiveness to all who so far believe in Christ, who are so touched by what he did and said and was, and especially by his sufferings and death, that they are willing to give up all, even their most cherished sins, that they may be reconciled to God. It does not create the intellect, the affections, the moral or religious sentiment, but it gives to each its appropriate food, and the peculiar objects, through which it may be fed and trained to an immortal life. Human systems of philosophy are cold and narrow. They chill and cramp the soul, or, as in Pantheism, drive it over an interminable waste of sea. But Christianity—or as we love better to say—Christ takes us into his warm embrace, calls out the infinite longings of the soul, shelters us amid a world of trial, and leads us, as the lambs of his flock, to a world where all our hopes, affections, longings, shall be met. And the glow of that world is all around us now, visiting with something of its own warmth and peace, those who are sighing and honestly striving to receive it.

PROTEST AGAINST THE MEXICAN WAR.

Public Testimony against the Mexican War.

"We the undersigned, members of the "Church of the Disciples," or religiously connected therewith, wish by a solemn declaration to free ourselves as far as possible from the responsibility of the war of invasion now waged by the United States against Mexico.

We take this step because we believe this war to be unjust and inhuman, and to be carried on from the lust of territory, and for the extension of slavery, because the attitude of silence in which this country stands before the nations with regard to this war is one of approval, and because thus our influence and character, individually and collectively, as Americans and Christians, goes to strengthen a scheme of oppression and blood.

We therefore, as far as by this public act we can, absolve ourselves, before God and the Christian world, of all participation in, or approval of, this deed of violence; and we protest in the name of humanity and religion, against the existence and continuance of this war, as dishonorable to our name and race, as the forfeiture of our mission as a people, and as one of the great crimes of modern history."

The above Protest we copy from the Christian World, where it is printed with a hundred and thirty or more names, attached to it. Our attention has been particularly called to it by a friend whom we very much respect, and who would impress us with a sense of the importance of doing something of the kind in all our churches. "Our silence as individuals," he says, "has been construed by our own citizens, by Mexico, and by the civilized world as acquiescence. Our character and moral influence have gone to strengthen the war. Such a statement having been made in connection with this Protest, individuals expressed the strongest desire to free themselves from the immediate guilt and responsibility of the war, though at some sacrifice of personal feeling. A public declaration of their conviction and purpose seemed the only way of doing this. * * * It rests with you and other Christians to give effect to everything good which may have been begun. * * * It occurred to me that men who felt the responsibility now weighing upon American citizens in connection with an unjust and murderous war, would come out with their protest by twos and threes, by fifties and hundreds, in the various connections of life, of family, business and religion, and absolve themselves from participation in this act. Were this done, it would soon end the war—the essential idea being mainly to oppose the moral influence of their names against it. I do not see how any can innocently do otherwise."

We cannot quite agree with our friend as to the most effective mode of action in this matter, though we certainly respect those who have adopted it. We feel no burden on our conscience; for we have spoken as strongly as we know how to speak against what we cannot but regard as a cruel and wicked war. And for all Christians, in their individual capacity, there is opportunity enough to express and act on their opinions without any formal and public protest. It is one of the mistakes of our times, especially in philanthropical matters, to suppose that we are doing nothing, unless we make a public display of our views and actions. And, therefore, public opinion is to be manufactured by public bodies, public organizations or a public array of names. Something of this kind must exist under a government like ours. But underneath all public organizations and manifestoes, is a far more important, healthful and effectual mode of action, by which neighbors and friends and fellow Christians may impress high moral truths upon each other and thus form and control the public mind.

If there are those who believe it their duty to get up Protests like that which we have given above and to sign them, let them do it. We have no faith in such measures, and therefore can take no part in them. We would speak our word faithfully and strongly, whenever a fitting opportunity may present itself, and we would urge others to do the same. Our position is such that we are not called upon personally to sustain the war; but if any thing that we can say or do, may influence any one who can act, we would urge and entreat him, by all that is dear and sacred, to do nothing to sanction, but all that he can to oppose it. As to these public protests, got up by a few and handed about to the many for their signatures we have seen too much of the way in which such things are usually managed, to have any confidence in them.—The particular protest here referred to, we doubt not was signed in earnest, so earnestly indeed that some whose names are there must have forgotten, that they were only for a single hour connected with that worshipping assembly.

In all moral and religious movements for the purpose of acting on public sentiment, we every day believe more and more in strong, clear, earnest statements of our individual convictions, and less and less in all organized and formal modes of action. As an individual man, Christian, minister or editor, we must speak out the convictions that are within us; so must every one. Let these expressions go abroad, with whatever power they may carry. Here is a legitimate mode of influence. But when we band ourselves together, that the *number and array* of our names may produce an *effect*, we bring in a sort of influence which may just as well be enlisted on the side of wrong as of right. Unless, therefore, in very extraordinary cases, we cannot conscientiously resort to it. For the "moral influence of our *names*," thus formally set before the public, we have no sort of respect. Who cares for our names? or, who ought to give the slightest weight to them in settling questions of duty? He who allows our names to influence him in making a decision, is doing to himself a great wrong.

As to our being partakers of the crime unless we publicly protest against it, that must depend entirely on our position. If we, as an editor, said nothing publicly upon the subject, we should feel a burden on our minds. But that burden does not rest on the poor woman whom we visited yesterday, nor on one in a hundred of those whose walks are wholly in private. If they do feel this burden, let them protest. But public protests are far less certain proofs of uprightness, than the private life and conversation.—We all know who it was, that so publicly washed his hands in attestation of his innocence, when blood was about to be shed.

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As a Postscript to the above we are happy to add the following communication.

THE MEXICAN WAR; A NEW PLAN.

The best proposition we have seen of late in reference to this atrocious business, is due to a wise head in Arkansas. The papers state that Mr. Dickson, a member of the Senate in that state, introduced a bill, whether in sport or not is not stated, to *enlist the convicts of the Penitentiary in the army*, and send them to the post of danger. Whatever may have been the reception of the plan by the wise Senators, it was commented on in quite indignant tones by one editor as a gross insult to our gallant army.—But the thought is too bright and happy to be suffered thus to pass. Who are better fitted for this work than the convicts of our State Prisons? They have no troublesome scruples. They are already broken to the harness. They have no superfine consciences that need to be dulled a little—no officious reason that is clamoring about right and humanity—no respectabilities to be foregone—domestic ties that need a second rupture—no business relations to be interfered with; in fact both for themselves and the community, the exchange would not be robbery. They are generally able bodied, shrewd, and effective men. They are already by habit a species of guerilla warriors in society, and they could easily turn their powers into this new and more ample field. The expense and trouble of their maintenance of course would be saved, and other men would be able then to stay at home and attend to their business. It is a most capital plan, and ought to be immediately taken up and acted on without delay.

Nor are we, in making the recommendation, going counter to the usages of either the past or present. The nations of antiquity not unfrequently employed those guilty of some crime in their armies, and at present our gallant enemies, the Mexicans, have anticipated us in this economical expenditure of the public morals, by taking that which was already spoiled.

As it regards "our *gallant* army," it is no doubt true that it has fallen into gallantries enough in the Mexican cities to fully entitle them to this epithet. But we very much doubt whether they would take it in such very high dudgeon to be thus associated, unless it was from the fear that they should be outdone at their own arts. Judging by letters from the army itself, and the character of multitudes of the volunteers, they are not such a pacific and orderly and moral race that they need to dread moral contamination, if brought into contact with victims of Charlestown and Sing Sing. On the contrary, since the benevolent labors of a Robinson, a Berry, and a Farnham, we should have great hope that our jail birds would, as they flew to a more southern latitude, carry many a lesson of truth, and piety from their chaplains and wardens and Sabbath Schools, which would rebuke the manners and morals of Matamoras and Monterey.

So, my friend, I hope you will suffer this suggestion to prevail, and give it publication.—For the enlistment of convicts can be justified on the ground of morality as well as political economy and by the customs of history. However, I will not press the matter, for if we may judge of some of those who have recently volunteered, it is only a question of time whether they be enlisted as convicts now, or a few months hence—as they are on the swift road to that result, and perhaps they but take time by the forelock, in entering the army directly, instead of going the more circuitous round of theft or arson or manslaughter, and conviction, and imprisonment, and picking oakum.

PAX.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—How am I to understand your remarks in the Register of Jan. 2d., where you say; "We have sometimes thought that if some Congregations, which now have no intercourse with each other, could only exchange ministers now and then;—that if the Melodeon, for example, could exchange for the greater part of the year with some of the most conservative societies in the city, each society would receive a good deal of food, not so agreeable to the taste as what it now has, but perhaps more applicable to its wants!"

H.

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If we could hear what our enemies say about us, it would often reveal to us faults important for us to know, and which our friends would never think of mentioning. So those occupying antagonistic positions in society or the church, are the most ready to see and to point out each other's fault's, and therefore may impart to each other valuable, though by no means agreeable information respecting themselves. The same will apply, to some extent, to the ministers of societies occupying different positions. There may be, and certainly in the particular case mentioned above there are, reasons which ought to prevent an exchange of preachers, and yet in *this one respect*, we have no doubt that an occasional exchange would be an advantage to both parties. But because in *one* particular a measure would be advantageous, it does not follow that upon *the whole* it would be either *right* or *expedient*.

We sympathise painfully with our friends in Haverhill and commend their appeal to all who are liberally disposed among us.

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AN APPEAL.

The Unitarian congregation worshipping in Haverhill Mass., desire through the undersigned, a committee chosen for the purpose, to call the attention of their Christian brethren to the present condition of this society. For many years after the establishment of a Unitarian ministry here, a very satisfactory degree of prosperity seemed attendant upon the new dispensation: its religious ordinances called forth a general and lively interest, and the financial affairs of the parish were in an easy and undisturbed condition. The numbers and resources of the society justified its members, in erecting for themselves and their children, a more commodious church, than that in which they had formerly assembled. The ancient house, where their fathers worshipped, gave place to an elegant structure, whose beauty and usefulness were still more enhanced, by the addition of an excellent bell, town clock and organ. The settlement of a pastor infused additional hope, and the permanent success of a church and congregation, commencing under such auspices, could not then be doubted. Its foundations seemed sure. But the events of a period, comparatively short, have completely changed the posture of things, and those who once were strong, now find themselves crippled both in numbers and resources. The calamities of business, which have pressed heavily upon this whole community generally, have not left this society unscathed, and many, who once were pillars in sustaining the word preached, now have only left hearts full of faith and good will. Death too has made its sad and solemn visitations here, and one after another, those, whose contributions have done honor to themselves, and the faith they professed, have been withdrawn from their places in the temple, they had helped to rear. To add to the difficulty of concerted and efficient action, the pastor, who had labored long and faithfully here, was, a few months since, called to another field of labor. Not disheartened by these adverse circumstances, the society, upheld by those, who would never faint or falter, toiled on. But the first day of the year brought with it, a sudden and almost crushing misfortune. In one short hour, of the beautiful edifice, around which clustered such fond hopes and hallowed associations, nothing remained but a black and smouldering heap of smoking ruins. At midday, this place of holy convocation was consumed by fire. The fierce flames mocked all effort to subdue them, and did their work so rapidly that scarcely any thing was rescued from their devouring fury. Beauty has departed to make room for desolation, and the hearts of those, who loved to tread those sacred courts are heavy with sadness.

In this exigency, the society, with great confidence, look to those, upon whom such blights have not fallen, for that Christian sympathy and aid, at present so much needed here. The nature of the response given to this call will decide a question of moment to this people and the denomination generally. Shall this point be retained or abandoned? No effort will be spared by those, who are here, to rebuild these broken walls; but it is only the thought of aid from our brethren in other places, that can allow a hope of success to be indulged. The society here cannot believe that when, in proper time, such assistance shall be asked, the petitioner shall be turned away empty.

CALEB HERSEY,
THOMAS M. HAYES,
ISAAC AMES.

Haverhill, Jan'y 4, 1847.

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For the Register.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT HAVERHILL

Atnoonday, on Friday, Jan. 1st., the Unitarian Church of this town was discovered to be on fire. Immediate and strenuous exertions were made, to stay the progress of the flames; still, in less than an hour after the discovery of the fire, the beautiful fabric was in ruins. This disaster is supposed to have been occasioned by mismanagement of a furnace, in a Hall, underneath the Church. No insurance.

A word, with regard to the situation and prospects of those, who have thus lost a Church of uncommon beauty and elegance, will hardly be deemed inappropriate. Our Society has been, for some time, in a state of extreme feebleness and inactivity; being oppressed by a heavy debt, and destitute of a Paster. But this late calamity, however grievous and afflictive in itself, seems to have awakened our people to renewed life and energy. Though sorrowful for the Past, we look hopefully to the Future. At a season so peculiarly important to us, as a religious Society, when we seem almost fluctuating between life and death, may we not reasonably and confidently ask, from our Sister Societies that encouragement and aid, which many of them are so abundantly able to afford? Could we be freed from the pecuniary incumbrances, which now burden us, we might, undoubtedly, by our own unaided efforts, rebuild our Church, furnish a comfortable support to the Ministry in this place, and restore our Society to its former comparatively prosperous and happy condition.

For obtaining so desirable a termination of our troubles, we rely, in a great measure, upon the benevolence and generosity of our brethren and sisters, assuring them that any aid, though it be but the widow's mite, will be most grateful to us.

E.

For the Register.

HOWARD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Howard Sunday School connected with the Pitts Street Chapel and the Ministry-at-Large in this city, observed its usual Anniversary celebration on Wednesday evening, 30th ult. There was nothing, perhaps, peculiar in the object or services of this occasion which make it necessary that we should notice it in particular. But we gladly embrace the opportunity it affords, for another and higher purpose. Twenty years, the fifth part of a century, have elapsed, since the establishment of this School. In that time, as stated by the Superintendent on this occasion, more than *three thousand* children have passed through this School, and received more or less of its excellent instructions and judicious moral and religious culture. The large number of *three hundred and fifty* teachers have been connected with it during that time. At the present moment, it has for its pupils, *two hundred and fifty children* under the care of about *fifty* excellent teachers, and a Superintendent, who, for kindness, ability and fidelity has few equals and no superior in this department of benevolence. His devotion to this School and its best interests, for eighteen years, entitles him to the gratitude and respect of the community.

We have said, that this School is connected with the Ministry-at-Large in this city. Of course, it is not that kind of School which is usually called the Parish School. Its pupils come from a different class. They are, for the most part, the children of those who are in poverty, or necessitous circumstances,—who are exposed to many temptations and trials of which the wealthy and more favored, have but a faint conception, and whose moral training is little cared for, except at this School. If there are those who have any lingering doubts in regard to the value of Sunday Schools or the Ministry-at-Large, let them visit this School on a Sunday morning or Sunday noon—look over this little group, and the scene which they present, and witness for once, if no more, their interest and engagedness in their classes, and hear the lessons which they are accustomed to receive, and all doubt, we think, will vanish. For ourselves we know of no agency which is doing so much to stem the current of vagrancy and vice; which is laying the axe so effectually at the root of profligacy and crime; which is bringing together more certainly into a closer bond of mutual respect and confidence the rich and the poor, than these Sunday Schools and the Ministry-at-Large. Let our sympathies then be awakened to their wants and best interests; and let those who have the ability and the leisure with the wish to do the good they can, offer freely their services at this shrine; and we are sure that they can do nothing better for their own improvement and happiness, or for the best good of those who "are ready to perish", both physically and spiritually.

On the occasion to which we have alluded the body pews of the chapel were entirely filled by the children and teachers of the School; and a large number of parents and friends occupied the other portion of the house. Rev. Mr. Cru made the opening prayer,—the pupils and S. perintendent read together a Selection fr Scripture and sung a number of original hym correctly and sweetly; and addresses were ma by Rev. L. H. Winkley who has recently b come a Pastor to this branch of the ministry; J Cobb Esq., their Superintendent; Rev. Mos Thomas of South Boston, Mr. L. G. Pray, Re Mr. Bartol, and Rev. Mr. Waterston their fo mer Pastor. Concluding Prayer by Rev. M Bigelow one of the ministers of the chapel. was an animating and cheerful season, and t impression left on the minds of all present m have been salutary and encouraging. May t best of Heaven's blessings ever attend this we conducted School, and all those who labor in i behalf.

L.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Estray; a Collection of Poem By Henry W. Longfellow.

Professor Longfellow has here given a ve tasteful collection of Poems, and one which are glad to have in this form, although we hav in other collections, nearly every piece contain in it. The title, however, and the motto on t title page, seem to us entirely *estray;* for th surely cannot belong to the book.

"Estrey," we give the motto, "in our Co mon Law signifieth any beast not wilde, fou within any Lordship, and *not owned by any m* For in this case, if it being cried accordin Law in the Market Townes adjoining, shall n be claimed by the owner within a yeare and day, it is the Lords of the soile." From t and from the title, we were led to expect a v ume of rare poems, "not owned by any man but whose authors are either unacknowledg or unknown, and it was with much surprise th we found it made up almost entirely of famili poems by authors perfectly well known, Wordsworth, Southey, Willis, Tennyso Milnes, Hood, Keats, Emerson, Bryant, Co ley, Dryden, &c., &c. With what proprie the poems sheltered under such names, own by them and enclosed in their books, can called "*estray*," it might require some ingenui to guess.

Another objection we have to the volume, coming from Mr. Longfellow. It is just such book as we might have made ourselves; but expect, and have a right to expect someth more from him. When the poet gives us own exquisitely finished lines, or, the acco plished scholar brings to us, as he has most of his former books, choice and beauti extracts from sources beyond our reach, he engaged in a manner worthy of himself and which we would be thankful. But *The Estr* has nothing, except the very graceful poem the beginning, which calls for his aid. name will unquestionably give currency to volume, but such pieces as *They sin who tell love can die*, from Southey, *The Solitary Reap* from Wordsworth, *The Pauper's Death Bed* a *Family Portraits*, from Mrs. Southey, *On Prayer-Book* from Crashaw, which Colerid long ago brought from its obscurity,—*Ea Rising and Prayer*, from Henry Vaughan, n no herald from the skies to bring them i notice; and any man, however distinguishe who puts his name to books, such as comm men might make, merely to give them curren will soon use up his reputation, or, at lea bring it down to the level of these new wor *The Estray* is not such a book as its Title-p or the reputation of the editor would lead m to expect. By a few more such disappoi ments, Mr. Longfellow will wear out his w come with the public.

At the same time it may be, in a pecunia way a good speculation, as it is a good colle tion of poems for common readers, and as su may do good in many places, where, without compiler's name, it would never have be found.

We yield perhaps to none in admiration Mr. Longfellow as a poet. The few pieces real poetry, scattered through the four volum which bear his name, are, in their way, superi to anything else that we have read, and, wh gathered into one small volume, will make collection hardly less valuable than Gray though wholly unlike it. They have the finis without which no poetry can last, and the so without which no poetry can live. They syn pathise with the deep heart of man. They not pass from us when we have read them, b leave a refreshing influence behind.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

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Passages from the History of Liberty By Samuel Eliot.

We welcome this volume for its own sa and still more as the harbinger of better thi

yet to come from the same source. It is refreshing to find, springing up among us, young men with the high enthusiasm, the ability and the willingness to work, which are here indicated. The volume is composed of four sketches, not so much of individual men as of distinct periods in history, and all bearing on one subject—the progress of liberty. There are faults of style, sometimes clogging one's free passage through the book, which, we believe, the writer, when more practiced, will throw off. The structure of the narrative, we have thought, is, in some instances, not so clear as it should be, and perhaps there is rather more a sprinkling of foreign phrases than is in perfectly good taste, or quite agreeable to an English reader. But we have read the book with uncommon interest. The subject is a noble one, and it is well sustained. Its spirit is altogether such as is indicated in the preface. "This book, humble as it is, has been written in cordial sympathy with such desires as we may all be willing to follow, for nearer knowledge of some remembered and some forgotten names. Yet unless these pages bear a higher mark, unless the love, to which they give witness, be large as the love of humanity and pure as the love of God, it would be better that they were not printed, or even written at all."

The object of this book, which, we should judge, is only a few loose leaves from a larger work in the author's mind, is to exhibit the struggles for liberty, by which the different ages of modern society have been marked. The world's history has been written by scholars of the old world, living mostly as the loyal subjects of monarchies. Mr. Eliot writes as an American, with an earnest enthusiasm for the freedom to which he has here been born. He thus throws new interest and a new light over the subjects of which he treats.

We are glad to see one, who has leisure and ability, looking from this point of view into the past history of the Church. Most of the enthusiastic works on these subjects, which have been published of late, are from the Oxford school of writers, who are as jealous as ancient monks, of the reputation of the Church. It is time that others, with a love "large as the love of humanity and pure as the love of God," should give themselves to the same studies, and devote to them the ardor of their young enthusiasm and the strength of their maturer judgment. We need it to counteract the tendency of the times. There is, or rather, has been (for we think it is somewhat checked now) a disposition, especially among religious young men of wealth and taste, to revive the old forms and habits of a luxurious Church;—to admire the simplicity of Christ and his Apostles, never so much as when embodied in the pompous ceremonies, the sumptuous pageantry and imposing authorities of later times. It is well to have these gorgeous disguises stript off, that we may see some of the earnest and devout men, who have been strangled beneath them because of their efforts for a purer faith, and a freedom like that wherewith Christ would make us free.

As the spirited and hopeful beginning of such a work, we receive this volume, and trust that its reception may be such as to encourage the author to go on. But if it should not be so favorably received, we trust that he will still go on. The work on which he is engaged is a great one. He has not yet lived long enough to come to the full comprehension of its greatness. Years more of toil, nourishing within a hope which may dispense with outward encouragements, will be required, and when, through such labors, his intellect has been matured, his spirit chastened, his views enlarged, his young enthusiasm sobered down, or rather transmuted into a religious principle, and his wayward impulses absorbed into a true Christian simplicity of mind and heart, he will, we are sure, find in himself qualities eminently fitting him for this great work, on which any man, however gifted, might rejoice to spend a life time.

Poems. By W. E. Channing. Second Series.

We have given ourselves up to this book, till satisfied that it is really the work of a poet—of one who has the poet's eye, ear, soul; but he has not yet gained the poet's utterance. There is not here a poem which does any sort of justice to the powers within him. Occasionally there is one of those rare felicities of expression, which belong only to the poet, and now and then a whole stanza, but no whole poem, which does not falter by the way, for want of *fee* strong enough to carry through so great a weight as the writer has upon his mind. There is evidently poetry worthy of Wordsworth in such lines as these.

Even in the winter's depth the Pine-tree stands,
With a perpetual summer in its leaves.

O sweetly falls the pure white snow,
Over the chill and silent earth,
And warms the patient seed below,
Waiting for spring's voluptuous birth.
Thus fall the gentle deeds of men,
And nourish in those hearts content,
That wait for sunshine sweet again,
And touches of that element.

Except in the last poem of the volume, which we regretted to see, the spirit is hopeful and good. We like best what are called *Poems of the heart* and *New England*. Wachusett has fine passages—perhaps finer than any other part of the volume—but the poem is an unequal one. *Hymn of the Earth* has two noble lines.

My highway is the unfeatured air,
My consorts are the sleepless stars.

On the whole, we would say of Mr. Channing's poems, that the more we have read, the better we have liked them. But after all, we value them most for what they promise of the mind from which they come, as the ebb and flow in some sheltered cove carry our thoughts out to the ocean.

Patience and labor, not in any school except that which his own genius may select;—but patience and labor, self-imposed, are needful, before he can accomplish all that he was made to accomplish.

How to be a Man. A Book for Boys. By Harvey Newcomb.

This book is "intended for boys,—or, if you please, for *young gentlemen*,—in early youth, from eight or ten to fifteen or sixteen years of age." It is intended, no doubt, to do good, and has many things fitted for that purpose. Excellent precepts we see scattered through it, and some not so excellent. We give a few, taken at random. "Avoid Tight-dressing, as you would a black snake." * * "If you feel an unpleasant tightness in any part of your dress, remember the black snake." "Discipline the muscles of the face. * * If you allow every temper of the heart to find a corresponding expression in the muscles of the face, you will be sure to spoil the fairest countenance. How would you feel, if you were to see an accomplished young person, with fine features and a beautiful countenance, but on coming near, should discover little holes in the face, from which, every now and then, vipers and venomous serpents were thrusting out their heads and hissing at you! * * Strive to acquire such self-control, as to keep a calm, serene expression upon your countenance; and you cannot tell *how much it will add to your appearance.*" If in point of taste or morality, our readers like this, they will find more of the same sort in the book. These extracts are from pages 107–8, at which we chanced to open. There are in the volume some things better than these.

Christian Union. A Discourse preached before the First Congregational Society in Kingston, November 22, 1846. By Augustus R. Pope, Minister of the Society.

This is a sensible discourse—one of the many, suggested by the Evangelical Alliance. Two or three extracts will show what Mr. Pope's views are.

"I would sooner cut off my right hand than join, were it allowed, that London confederacy, which proposes a kind of moral and spiritual thraldom—is not less bigoted and exclusive than Rome—and pretends, in real fact, to no less infallibility than is claimed for the successors of St. Peter—has closed the door of freedom, and yet boasted of the right of private judgment! That convention commenced its vain work with a virtual falsehood, when it pretended to combine the right of private judgment, and the sufficiency of the Holy Word, with an assent to a creed! The Romish priest bids one walk within certain limits—and consistently denies the right of private judgment; this convention places a hedge just outside of the other,—includes so much liberty, and scarcely any more,—and then insults him with the word of freedom, with the alleged enjoyment of the right of free inquiry. In brief, it first holds him responsible to a creed, and then says he may form his own opinions. That the new creed is called a "*doctrinal basis*," does not affect its office."

* * * * * *

"But let us not lose sight of some of the members of the Alliance at its adjournment; for ere they reached home a change came over their rules. Have you traced those illiberal men, who had set up a standard of Christian communion and fellowship in a foreign land, on their return home? Even as they crossed the Ocean in that noble, tempest-tost ship? Oh! it is one thing to stand in human conventions, and speak words of human pride and folly;—it is another to stand in the great conventicle of Nature, where the elements have assembled to teach man the lesson of his frailty, and other truths no less worthy and authoritative! Nature's terrible gale, the violence of which has brought its woes home to our own village, and which piled up such mountain waves, and scooped out such deep troughs upon the ocean, was an equalizer and a leveller on ship-board! Men standing in company upon the verge of eternity are swayed by different feelings from those they cherish in other scenes. They feel the most of a true brotherhood, when they are nearest to seeing the Common Father face to face. What a scene was enacted in the steamship's cabin! On land and at home, Christian believers and disciples feel not willing to sit at meat with those, "who follow not them,"—and cannot commune at the Lord's Table under such circumstances. Remove just such disciples away from these places of apparent security, and they can commune, not only with persons of different views of truth, but even with non-communicants, with unbaptized ones, of every hue and complexion of opinion, for aught that appears to the contrary! Look at the contrast;—An avowed church, with its openly professed followers of Jesus, has no admission to the Alliance; but to the scene which seemed, in the language of one present, "the ushering entrance to the Kingdom of God,"—to that communion service there was no preface of form essential! Not a word is said of propounding or examining candidates, of a relation of experience, of an acknowledgment of a creed, to which every individual here could not subscribe, or even of baptism! All these things were dispensed with. It was indeed a holy season! The gate of heaven, I doubt not, was opened for many souls! Yet did it constitute a severe commentary on the spirit of the Alliance, which some of the company had been instrumental in forming, and which was either more holy or more exclusive than heaven! Verily, God had a lesson for theologians to learn!—the furious hurricane became his voice!—and the rolling surges were its echoes! It found its way to human hearts, and awed them into love! That tumbling ship, plunging and quivering with the power of the elements, is an image of all associations of men. These cannot constitute a union: but if there be a true spirit among the throng, it will ever serve as a bond of brotherhood!"

Memoria Technica: or the art of Abbreviating those studies which give the greatest labor to the memory. By Lorenzo D. Johnson.

We have no faith in any plan of this kind. It may help the memory in particular cases, but will injure it in the main, for the common purposes of life. There are those, however, who think otherwise, and to such we have no reason to doubt that this will prove a useful Manual.

A CARD.

☞ The undersigned, Ministers at Large in this city, hereby give notice that they have prepared and are now ready, on application, to issue from their office Tickets of Reference to such as may desire them for the purpose of aiding a better discrimination of the proper objects of charity. The design is to assist in detecting the impositions, so frequently attempted, of the unworthy on the one hand, and at the same time to help in ascertaining the condition and wants of the truly meritorious and necessitous on the other.

The doors of the humane are daily besieged by importunate applicants for alms, the real exigences and merits of whom in the case of strangers cannot be known, nor even be safely inferred from their appearance or representations. In referring such mendicants to their office by means of the Ticket proposed, the minister in whose district the poor in question may reside, will lose no time in collecting and furnishing the information needed, so that the benevolent may act understandingly with respect to the fitness of objects and in deciding upon the measure or mode of relief. The Office itself, to the extent of its means, will be ready to co-operate in the work of charity; but to do it effectually the amount at its disposal must be greatly enlarged and contributions be early made, pecuniary and otherwise, to the present slender stock of its resources. Donations from the benevolent will be acceptable in any form adapted to the wants of the indigent; and they are respectfully and earnestly solicited. The rigors of the season lend weight to the appeal; and it is confidently hoped that it will not be addressed in vain.

For the convenience of those of our citizens who may prefer to communicate with the ministers at their homes, or at times aside from the established Office hours, a list of their names and residences is annexed:

Charles F. Barnard, 5 Warren street.
Andrew Bigelow, 5 Hancock street.
Warren Burton, 13 Purchase street.
Samuel B. Cruft, Suffolk st., near Chapel.
Samuel H. Winkley, 21 Gooch street.

Boston, Jan. 16th, 1847.

N. B. Donations may be remitted to the care of the Rev. A. Bigelow; to whom communications generally on the business of the Ministry may also be addressed.

A GOOD ENDING.

For some time there had been an earnest controversy in New Bedford respecting the payment of Two Thousand Dollars by Samuel Rodman. On the fourth of January the whole matter was supposed to be settled by a vote of the town formally releasing him from all legal obligations in the case. But there was disaffection. A second meeting was called, the morning session was spent in those altercations which threaten severe and lasting personal animosities. Before the adjournment a few conciliatory remarks were made with excellent effect by the Hon. J. H. Clifford. Still an angry session was expected in the afternoon. But when they met, after a few good words from the Chairman, E. M. Robinson announced, we use the words of the New Bedford Mercury,

"to his fellow citizens that he was authorized to say, that if there was no further action upon the subject, the sum of two thousand dollars would be immediately paid into the treasury of the town. * * An assurance coming from that gentleman was enough; and a motion for an indefinite postponement of the whole subject was carried by *an unanimous vote*. The Hon. Benjamin Rodman, brother of Samuel Roman, then presented himself to the meeting, and having obtained leave to speak, in a few words, but words which were like apples of gold in pictures of silver, laid open to his fellow citizens the source from whence had come the offering which his friend had announced as ready to be laid upon the altar of peace. His mother, bending under the weight of fourscore and ten years, could not bear to have her few remaining days embittered by the thought, that there was a single member of that community where she had so long lived, honored and beloved, who would put upon a son of her's the imputation of holding in his possession the gains of injustice. He placed in the hands of the moderator, the check of that noble woman for two thousand dollars, declaring as he did it, that his brother was entirely ignorant of what his mother had done to put an end to strife, and do away at once and forever every hard thought, every imputation of violated obligation.

This statement, so completely in accordance with the current of feeling and action which had marked every step of the afternoon's proceedings, was followed by another equally accordant, equally surprising, and equally gratifying. David R. Greene, Esq., then rose and informed the meeting that he too, had been charged with a peace-offering to present to his fellow citizens. Samuel Rodman, with feelings which had shown him to be a worthy descendent of that noble sire, than whom a nobler never lived or died among us, could not and would not, although relieved by a vote of the town from an obligation he could not consider as binding upon him in equity, suffer any individual to entertain the belief, that he had taken from him a cent's value of his property. "I hold," says Mr. G. "the check of Samuel Rodman for two thousand dollars, which he has placed in my hands, to be put into the treasury of the town." Thus had the mother and the son, unknown to each other, with feelings which must command the respect and affection of every one, resolved to put out the fire of contention, and leave *his* reputation unsullied by the breath of suspicion.

On motion of E. M. Robinson, Esq., the meeting then gave a vote of thanks to the moderator, James B. Congdon, Esq., for the ability, firmness and impartiality, with which he had presided over their deliberations.

Nothing remaining to be done, and the moderator having declared that nothing *could* be done under the 4th article of the warrant, a motion of indefinite postponement was made and carried. While it was passing, most of the gentlemen who had spoken during the debates embraced the opportunity to congratulate the town upon the satisfactory and unexpected issue of the controversy, and to disclaim all intention, in any thing they might have said, of casting upon any person, the imputation of improper motives in any of the transactions in relation to the street which has been the subject of contention.

MONTREAL UNITARIAN CONGREGATION.

During the last month an aggregate meeting of this congregation was held in the school-room of the Church, for the purpose of taking into consideration certain suggestions to be submitted to them by one of the Committees belonging to the body. During the past year an encouraging increase has been made in members, and as these have come from various sources, it was thought desirable to adopt some measures to consolidate the worshipping society with the view of securits permaneney, and rendering it more profitable to all connected with it. The meeting was well attended. [Bible Christian.

☞ A Religious Union was formed in Boston on Sunday afternoon, at the house of Mr James T. Fisher, by a devoted circle of Associationists, and others who desired to pledge themselves with them to labor for the coming day of Unity of Man with Man and with God. Solemn and appropriate services were held, and William Henry Channing was unanimously elected and consecrated to be the voice and leader in our religious exercises. Mr Channing preached his first public discourse in the evening, to an overcrowded audience, and produced a very deep impression. He will continue to preach for the present every Sunday Afternoon at the New Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield Street, at the usual hours of service.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Summary. The Massachusetts Legislature assembled last Wednesday. Hon. Wm. B. Calhoun, of Hampden county, was chosen President, and Charles Calhoun, Esq. Clerk of the Senate. In the House, Hon Eben Bradbury, of Newburyport was elected Speaker, and Charles W. Storey, Esq., Clerk.—The Election sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Bisbey, of Worthington.—The Rev. George Richards, of Boston, has been chosen Chaplain of the House of Representatives.—By the official count of votes, George N. Briggs has been re-elected Governor and John Reed, Lieutenant Governor of this Commonwealth.—A proposition introduced by Hon. Caleb Cushing to appropriate $20,000 in aid of the Massachusetts Volunteers, together with a petition to the same effect, has been referred to a select committee of the House.—A leading French paper has an article attributed to Guizot, in which it remarks that "it is impossible that casus belli can arise out of the destruction of the liberty of Cracow." France will protest indignantly, England also, calmly: and there the matter will end.—The New England Society of Louisiana celebrated at New Orleans, on the 22d ult, their fifth anniversary, and the 226th of the landing of the Pilgrims. The oration was by Thos A. Adams.—The proposition to tax tea and coffee has been voted down by a very large majority of the House of Representatives. The military committee of the House have reported adversely to the recommendation of the President to create the office of Lieutenant General. These proceedings are supposed to show want of confidence in the Administration, by those who have been its friends and supporters.—The Episcopalians in New York city seem to be quite in earnest about the establishment of free churches.—Rev. John Prince, of Chelsea, has been invited to settle as colleague with Rev. Isaac Braman, over the Orthodox Church at Georgetown, Mass.—By late accounts Santa Anna is said to be advancing, in full force, upon Saltillo, and it was expected a battle would soon be fought.—Rev. Austin Phelps has been chosen Chaplain of the Senate. —Jos. Barrett has been re-elected Treasurer of this Commonwealth.—News to Dec. 25th has been received at New Orleans from Tampico. It is said the Mexican Congress has declared *that they will not think of peace until all the American forces are withdrawn.* The "Union," the organ of the administration has said this will never be done as preliminary to negotiations for peace. So we are to have war—war—no one knows how bloody or how long.—The truth of the report in regard to the decision of the Mexican Congress, referred to above is confirmed by later advices.

The U. S. Brig Somers was lost Dec. 7th, while blockading Vera Cruz. We notice the occurrence to quote part of a letter giving an account of noble and generous conduct, on the part of her officers and men, and the officers and men of several English and French vessels at that time in the neighborhood. Courage in the cause of humanity is to be honored, reverenced, as doing its proper work. We omit the details of the loss.

"From the moment she commenced careening she continued to go over with great rapidity, and in thirty seconds was on her beam ends. In less than ten minutes she sunk. One or two minutes after she was over, most of the men and officers had gained the side of the vessel or the tops. Dr. Wright and Lieut. Parker, passing through the weather after port, were the first to reach the main chains. They were followed by several men, and an attempt was made, with such means as were at hand, to cut away the main rigging, the men and officers using their penknives and sheath-knives for the purpose. Capt. Semmes, who had been dashed on the lee side, was now drawn from the water, and as soon as he gained the side directed our exertions. The first lieutenant, the master, and passed midshipman Hynson, with a large number of men, had by this time reached the side of the vessel, and were making strenuous exertions to relieve her of her masts; but it was a fruitless effort, for the brig was so far over that there was no strain upon the weather rigging. The small larboard quarter boat was in the mean time cleared away and dropped carefully round to leeward, and manned by her usual complement of five oarsmen. Midshipman Clarke, who had gained the maintop by swimming from the steerage hatch, was ordered by Capt. Semmes to take charge of the boat. Finding that there was no chance of saving the brig, and that she was fast sinking, Capt. Semmes ordered Mr. Clarke to shove off with Dr. Wright, and seventeen men, besides Purser Steele, (who reached the boat by swimming, as she was clearing the wreck, first inquiring if there was room in the boat for another,) to pull for Green Island, about half a mile distant, and immediately to return, if possible, and save more lives. This was at once executed, but not until some of those in the boat had solicited, by name each of the officers left on the wreck to come with them. These officers resolutely declared that they would wait and take their chance with the brig. Passed Midshipman Hynson, who had been partially disabled by a bad burn received in the firing of the Creole, was particularly implored to go into the boat. A lad by the name of Nutter jumped out of the boat and offered his place to Mr. Hynson, and a man by the name of Powers did the same thing. Mr. Hynson refusing both offers, those men then declared that others might have their places, and that they would abide on the wreck with Mr. Hynson. Capt. Semmes, who was in impaired health, was also entreated to go, but refused. Lieut. Parker answered a similar solicitation by saying he would drown with the brig. Lieut Claiborne and Acting Master Clemsen held the same language. It is a remarkable circumstance that three of the officers and all the men who acted thus nobly are saved. When the boat shoved off, the gale was blowing with great violence and a heavy sea running, so that for some moments it was a matter of doubt whether the boat would live. Purser Steele at one time proposed to leave the boat for a fish-davit he saw floating by. The boat, however, reached the island in about twenty minutes.

As soon as the men were landed, Mr. Clarke, disregarding the most strenuous entreaties, resolutely shoved off again with a volunteer crew, at the imminent hazard of their lives. Less than three minutes after the boat left the brig, Capt. Semmes, finding the vessel settling under them, gave an order for every man to save himself. All simultaneously plunged into the water and grasped the posts, gratings, spars, coops and other floating objects at hand. Many must have gone down, from the want of any support whatever; others struggled on frail floats, to be finally drifted on the reefs and dashed to pieces. Some were driven to sea, to be heard of no more, and others encountered the worst fate which could be apprehended, in being devoured by sharks. Of near sixty who plunged from the wreck, only seventeen escaped.

Through all this appalling scene the greatest composure was observed by men and officers. There was no appearance of panic, no exhibition of selfishness. Those who could not swim were particularly enjoined to go in the boat. A large man by the name of Seymour, the ship's cook, had got into the boat. Lieut. Parker commanded him to come out, in order to make room for two smaller men, and *he obeyed the order*, but was afterwards directed to go in the boat, when it was found he could not swim. Capt. Semmes and Lieut. Parker were picked up by Mr. Clarke from a grating, and Jacob Hazard, yeoman, was rescued swimming near them. Those who survived have told of many instances of heroic self-devotion. The acting master, Henry A. Clemsen, was struggling on a small steering sail boom with five others, two of whom could not swim. He found that all could not be supported, and he left and struck out alone and unsupported. He was seen for the last time upon a skylight, and probably perished in the surf. The five men he left were saved, the two who could not swim being supported by their comrades, Amos Colson and John Williamson. This completes the history of our own efforts; but with grateful hearts we have yet to mention the daring and devoted exertions of the foreign men of war. There were lying at Sacrificios, about two miles to leeward of the wreck, H. B. M. ships Endymion and Alarm, and the brig Daring, commanded respectively by Capts. Lambert, Franklin and Matson; the French brigs Pylade and Mercure, Capts. Dubut and La Voyare; and the Spanish corvette Louisa Fernanda, Capt. Puente. As soon as the accident was discovered, the boats of all these vessels were simultaneously called away. The crew of the Endymion, to the number of two hundred, came aft and volunteered. There was the most noble emulation as to which vessel should use the greatest expedition, and persevere in the most strenuous exertions. The violence of the gale was such at one time, that none of the boats could pull against it, and it was with the deepest regret that Capt. Lambert and others in authority felt it to be their duty to make signals recalling their boats. An hour or two afterwards, when there was a slight abatement of the gale, they again put forth at the peril of their lives, and succeeded in saving fourteen persons, and bringing from Green Island those who had landed there. The first lieutenant of the Endymion, M. Tarleton, rescued the first lieutenant of the Somers from Pajaros reef, which he succeeded by a miracle in reaching safely, but where his situation was most critical. The most gallant and well directed efforts were made by the officers and crew in the boat of the Mercure. She rescued ten men at sea to leeward, on a spar. One hardly knows which to admire most, the forethought or the daring of this noble adventure. The risk was incalculable. Five boats, representing each of the foreign vessels, reached the island, and took off 23 persons to their respective vessels, where they were received with a degree of kindness and delicate consideration which I cannot adequately describe, but which none of us will ever forget. They gave us refreshments and supplied us with clothes.

It is asserted that since the general use of hot, close stoves rheumatic and consumptive diseases have increased over 100 per cent. Should not wonder if this was a *fact:* but should be inclined to add another cause of the evil, viz: heat and bad air in cars and steamboats.

A Sad Picture. The following extract of a letter from an officer of the Louisville Legion, to a friend in Kentucky, conveys a melancholy picture:

"If you would witness wickedness and vice, drunkenness, and all the vicious propensities of the human heart—if you would see the worst passions with which our fallen nature is cursed, in their most odious colors, the American camp, I grieve to say, is the place where you may behold them. Full many a bright and promising youth, who looked forward to a life of usefulness and honor, may date his ruin, it is greatly to be feared, to this campaign—the grand school of vice. The ingenuous mind shrinks appalled from the revolting scenes daily exposed to view. Pity, indeed, I have frequently thought it were, that a victorious army should be composed of such unprincipled materials.

Legislating away the Sabbath. The St. Louis Gazette, in referring to a petition recently got up in that city, asking the Legislature to repeal all laws in favor of the Sabbath, says:—

"Whether a *decade* is to be substituted, we are not informed; without knowing or having seen any of the names on this memorial, we will venture to *guess* that some would like to introduce the morality of that notable era of French history.

We presume there are few mechanics, or working men of any class, but are satisfied with six days' labor; one continuous, unremitting series of working days, would soon wear out the form divine! The present movement shows the value of a Sabbath; it brings a salutary restraint upon the restless spirits of a community, it is a bar across the pathway of life, which constrains the traveller to halt and rest awhile from the feverish excitement of life's pilgrimage. The Sabbath is the great conservative principle of the civil economy; it is, most emphatically, the poor man's friend; and there is little danger of his ever again becoming so blind to his own interests, as to favor a change—and, more than all, such a change as these would bring us."

Public Garden. Among other excellent suggestions in the Mayor's Address—relating the welfare of the city we are glad to see this enlightened and philanthropic recommendation:

The last topic suggested by the charter, that of ornamenting the City, is not unimportant.—This end will be promoted by the great work we have in progress, which will give us an opportunity to embelish our squares and public grounds with fountains, those most beautiful emblems of health and purity. We have also an inestimable treasure in the Common, and the lands adjacent. In monarchies, such pieces of ground are procured and ornamented at a great expense, for the benefit of the people; and why should we be behind them in a republic? If any one, among the obligations we owe to that portion of the community, whose occupations, or whose necessities confine them, during the whole year, to a city life, is more imperative than another, it is to provide them with the means of obtaining some share in the glorious and beautiful aspects of nature, which a benificent Creator designs to minister to the physical and mental well being of his children.

Arrangements have been entered into to permit the Public Garden to be open (except on holidays, when a small fee will be required, for the payment of expenses,) free to all.

Having the ground provided, it is in our power, at a very moderate expense, to enable our fellow citizens to come from the crowded and dusty streets in summer, to gardens beautified with flowers, shaded with trees, and sparkling with fountains. What an effect will be produced by such scenes on the moral feelings of all, particularly of the young, who never lose their amnity to nature. How much evil impulse may be satisfied, and how much good developed, by familiarity with source of pleasure, so pure and congenial to their age.

Neither would I confine the liberality of the City to this spot. Wherever the citizens are willing to contribute for opening, or ornamenting the squares in their neighborhood, I would recommend that assistance should be granted, on the ground, that every thing that renders the people better and happier, strengthens the foundations of our free institutions.

The paper from which we took the account last week of the burning of the Church in Haverhill gave an incorrect date. These are the particulars.

On Friday 1st inst. about one o'clock, the Unitarian Meeting House, in this town was discovered to be on fire. The flames spread so rapidly, that, notwithstanding the exertions of our citizens and firemen, the whole building was destroyed. The fire, it is supposed, caught from a defect in the stove-pive. This was the largest and handsomest church in town, and cost about $12,000. A large organ was also destroyed. The loss is very deeply felt by our citizens generally. No insurance. Friday evening a Social Gathering was to have been held in Lyceum Hall, under the meeting house, and all the preparation had been made. Mr Edward Hammond was somewhat injured by a piece of timber which fell from the building. [Haverhill Gazette.

To Correspondents. We are thankful for the favors we receive; but as we have this week received communications enough to last three or four weeks, our friends must not be disappointed, if their articles should not appear immediately.

*** Mr Octavius B. Frothingham has accepted the call from the North Parish (of which the late Dr. Brazer was Pastor) in Salem.

*** A call has been voted by the First Religious Society, Newburyport, to Mr Samuel Longfellow.

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j16 tf

☞ ANNIVERSARY OF MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. The friends of the Anti-Capital Punishment Reform must remember that the anniversary of the above Society will take place on TUESDAY, twenty-sixth of January inst., at Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield street, at 10 o'clock. Wendell Phillips, Dr. Channing, Robert Rantoul, Jr. and others, will address the meeting. It is expected that there will be a very interesting time. We hope to have a meeting that will influence the coming session of our Legislature to abolish entirely the death-penalty. The meeting will be held for one day and evening. 2w j16

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the union at the Bulfinch street Vestry, on Monday evening next, Jan 10th, at 7 o'clock.

Question—What instruction should be given in our Sabbath Schools? and by what methods should it be imparted?

T. GAFFIELD, Sec'y.

j16

☞ The Religious Society lately formed in this city under the direction of Rev Wm H. Channing, will meet hereafter at Washingtonian Hall, in Bromfield st, (a few doors from Washington st.) every Sunday *afternoon*, at the usual hour of public services. j16

☞ NOTICE. The Society now worshipping in the Warren Street Chapel, will have a service on Sunday evening, when a discourse will be delivered by Rev Mr Ellis of Charlestown. j16

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. George H. Gould, to Miss Martha C. Coyle; Mr. Wm. Dutton to Miss Elizabeth Decatur.

7th inst., by Rev. Mr. Blagden, Mr. Daniel K. Johnson of Dedham, to Miss Mary L. White, of Boston.

In Worcester, 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. John Baugs of Springfield, to Mary Ellery, daughter of Sam'l Jennison Esq. of W.

In Stratham, N. H. 10th inst., Mr. Wm. J. Doloff, printer, of Cambridge, to Miss Sophia W. Chase, of S.

DEATHS.

In this city, Jan 9, Thomas Barry, Esq., 76.

On Wednesday afternoon, suddenly, William Parsons, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Bank.

On Thursday morning, Hon John Davis, 86. The memory of the just is blessed.

In Stoughton, 5th inst., Rev Calvin Park, D. D., in his 73d year. He graduated at Brown University in 1797, and was Professor of Moral Philosophy in that institution for the period of 21 years.

In Flowerfield, Michigan, Dec 10th, Mr Franklin Howard, 48, a native of West Bridgewater, Mass; 13th, Mrs Betsey H. Thurston, 46, formerly of West Bridgewater, Mass.

In Montreal, 4th inst., Rev Caleb Strong, son of Hon Lewis Strong, of Northampton, Mass., and Pastor of the American Presbyterian Church in that city, 29.

In Philadelphia, 22d ult, Mary, only daughter of Geo. A. Wood, 3 years.

Christian Union. A Discourse preached before the First Congregational Society in Kingston, November 26th, 1846. By Augustus R. Pope, Minister of the Society. Published by Request.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School St. 3t j16

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POETRY.

[From "Christian Songs."]

OH STEAL NOT THOU MY FAITH AWAY.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

Oh! steal not thou my faith away,
Nor tempt to doubt a lowly mind;
Make all that earth can yield, thy prey,
But leave this heavenly gift behind,—
Our hope is but the sea-boy's dream
When loud winds rise in wrath and gloom;
Our life, a faint and fitful beam,
That lights us to the cold, dark tomb.

Yet since, as One from Heaven has said,
There lies beyond that dreary bourn
A region where the faithful dead
Eternally forget to mourn,
Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
The burning waste, the black abyss:—
I shrink not from the path of pain,
Which leads me to that world of bliss.

Then hush, thou troubled heart! be still;
Renounce thy vain philosophy:
Seek thou to work thy Maker's will,
And light from heaven shall break on thee.
'Twill glad thee in the weary strife,
Where strong men sink with failing breath;
'Twill cheer thee in the noon of life,
And bless thee in the night of death.

[From the Liberty Bell.]

LINES,

On being reminded that Clarkson was dead.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

'Another star gone out in Freedom's sky'?
No! 'tis the meteor-lights of earth that flee:
'Another star gone up,' to burn on high,
A star of faith, and hope, and liberty!

He is not lost—he hath not passed away—
Clouds—earths—may pass—but stars shine calmly on;
And he who doth the will of God, for aye
Abideth, when the earth and heavens are gone.

He is not gone *from us*,—but nearer yet
To freemen's hearts he dwells than e'er before:
O! say not—feel not—that a star is set!—
A star is risen to cheer us evermore!

He is not dead,—for this corruptible, now,
Hath put on incorruption, and the eye
Whose earthly light is quenched to all below,
Beams with the light of immortality.

Thy seed, O! man, is quickened when it dies—
Nor yields its perfect fruit till that same hour;
So, while in dust, *his* body mouldering lies,
His risen soul shall work with quickening power.

It lives e'en here—it works e'en now—and they—
Thousands—on whom his look, his voice, ne'er fell—
Catch from his dying face a kindling ray,
And feel new thrills of life the bosom swell.

He walked all day with God in love and fear—
At eve God took him—and he was not there:
Now in God's omnipresence he is near—
Near *thee*, O, slave! O, freeman! in thy prayer!

Alas! that such a heart is in the grave!
Thanks for the life that now shall never end!
Weep, and rejoice, thou terror-hunted slave!
That hast both lost and found so great a friend!

Newport, U. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register.

TALES OF THE CHURCH: NO. X.

THE ALBIGENSES.—A. D. 1208.

The standard of the Cross, so often raised in Palestine, was now uplifted among the valleys of Southern France. The name of Crusader had been ennobled by the chivalrous devotion of Tancred and Conrad, of Richard and Philip Augustus, of the Knights of St. John and of the Temple; now other fields were to be won, and a darker stain than any from Asiatic combats, was to rest on the garments of the corrupted Church.

On the banks of the river Aude, strongly defended by nature, still more by art, rose the city of Carcassonne. Below were the shattered roofs, and blood-slaked hearths of the borough, or lower town, which, less capable of defence, had fallen into the power of the beseiging army. Their camp extended far on all sides, beneath the orders of the Papal legate. Beyond, the landscape displayed all the loveliness of a genial climate, while through the intervals of the nearer hills, were visible the blue outlines of the distant Pyrenees. Amid all the traces of heaven's goodness and of man's evil, stood the yet unconquered city, while on its ramparts floated in the pride of despair, the banner of its feudal lord, Roger, Count of Beziers.

This chief, the nephew of the unfortunate Raymond of Toulouse, had incurred like his relative, the displeasure of the Church, from the protection he afforded to those among his subjects who were stigmatized as heretics, under the various names of Paulicians, Cathari, Waldenses, and Albigenses. Refusing to share in that submission by which the Count of Toulouse had purchased temporary safety, at the price of his own dignity and the lives of his people, Count Roger had awaited in his own city of Beziers the host which the Papal legate had collected, under the popular name of a crusade; and when his capital was taken, and the persecutors had poured forth the blood of his subjects in indiscriminate massacre of Catholic and heretic, he had led the remnant of those who looked to him for guidance, to the stronger walls of Carcassonne. For himself, bred rather to arms than arguments, he held in reverence the faith of the Church as it had been expounded by the Priests and sanctioned by Rome; but neither for Priest nor Pontiff, nor for the ill-sustained authority of the King, would he give up his subjects to the sword, and the fagot, the means of conversion which the Church was now employing.

Thousands of the crusaders had fallen in the attempts to gain possession of the lower town of Carcassonne;—this was at length effected, but not less was the slaughter among those who now assailed with fanatical valor, the still stronger defences of the city. The army of the besiegers too, said to have numbered at one time three hundred thousand men, was harrassed by want of provisions, and daily diminished by desertions. Many of those in its ill-disciplined ranks had already been engaged in the crusade for the whole term of four months, which they had been assured would entitle them to the kingdom of heaven, and felt little inclination to serve now that their pay had been earned. The legate, Arnold Abbot of Cisteaux, was impatient to effect this reduction of Carcassonne, before the arrival of the Count Simon de Montfort, to whom the future direction of the crusade was committed, and from whose military skill results were expected which the legate's ignorant ferocity had been unable to attain.

For a time the sounds of contest were stilled, as there advanced from the camp of the crusaders a band of warriors, preceded by three standards. One was the white flag of truce, another the Cross, the desecrated emblem of suffering love;—the third was viewed with surprise by the besieged, as the troops drew near;—its form was that of the banner of a simple Knight, but on it were emblazoned the royal arms of Arragon.—As they drew near the walls, they halted, and in reply to the challenge of the warder, a herald announced that the high and mighty lord, Don Pedro, King of Arragon, asked in the name of ancient alliance, an interview with the Count of Beziers.

It was an age when the distinctions of rank were less clearly marked than in later times,—when the nobles of a kingdom exercised the rights of war and alliance, scarcely less unreservedly than their nominal sovereign; thus the chivalrous chief of one of the kingdoms of Spain acted without derogation from his royal dignity, in undertaking to negotiate in person between the legate of the Pope, and the brave defender of Carcassonne.

With all the marks of deep respect was the draw-bridge lowered, and the portcullis raised, for the entrance of the Spanish Prince. The cavalcade proceeded through the ranks of soldiers, who knelt to receive the royal guest, while behind were throngs of the citizens, and of the mingled multitude whom persecution had driven to take shelter with them. There were peasant men, bearing rude pikes and clubs, others who stood unarmed, and on whose features might perchance be read traces of the sublime resolution to die unresisting, rather than to take life. There were mothers and children, there were aged teachers of the word of God, men who had learned from the lips of Pierre Valdo of Lyons himself, and who cherished as their dearest visible treasure, their manuscript copies of the portions of Scripture which he had translated.—Famine was written in the cheeks of many, suffering in the countenances of all; yet a smile of joy broke forth from the more hopeful, as the cavalcade drew near; for the character of the King of Arragon, the former friend and brother-in-arms of their lord, led them to anticipate terms of mercy.

The Count de Beziers advanced to meet his guest, and kneeling on one knee, gave his assistance as the King dismounted from his horse. Deep feeling was visible in the countenances of both, but their words were those of ceremonious courtesy, only invested with a deeper meaning by the sadness of their tone. The Lieutenant of the Castle led the way, and the royal Spaniard and noble Frenchman entered the great hall, and proceeding through its length, ascended the raised floor at its farther end, over which hung the canopy of State. The two chiefs were seated, while the escort of the King and the counsellors of the beseiged Count stood round their respective leaders.

"It was not thus, Roger de Beziers," said Don Pedro, "that we met at Ascalon. You were with Philip, I with Richard of England; we fought beneath the same Cross, and against the same infidel enemy."

"If your highness," replied the Count, "retains the same feeling that then drew the love of all to the brave Prince of Arragon, you will find Roger of Beziers unchanged."

"This visit, De Beziers, shows that I am the same. But how do I find you? Beneath the ban of the Holy Church, in open resistence to its power, a favorer of heretics, opposing in arms the Cross for which we once fought side by side."

"Noble Prince, judge me not unheard. The Saints forbid," said the Count, crossing himself, "that I should question the doctrines of the Holy Church. But these for whom I fight are my subjects, whom it is my duty as a Christian Knight and Noble to defend. If they are heretics, their heresy is no more than what my fathers have borne with for ages past, and they have ever been true subjects. If they were guilty, the Church has power to punish by her usual courts, without this new tribunal which your countryman, Dominic, has set up, and without preaching a crusade against Christian Princes, as if they were infidel Saracens."

"It is madness, De Beziers, to resist the Church. It is madness even in John of England; his subjects are groaning beneath the dreadful interdict,—the Churches are closed, the dead lie unburied, and the King must eventually submit; and you, a petty feudatory of France, expect to cope with the power that crushes Kings!"

"If I have not the power of King John," replied De Beziers, with a flush of virtuous pride, "I have at least the love of my subjects;—no murdered nephew, no oppressed people, call out for vengeance against me. But the very instance you have chosen proves the injustice of the Pope. He punishes the King of England, not for his crimes, but for the exercise of his just rights,—not for murdering Arthur, but for appointing an Archbishop."

"But what, sir Count, can be the result of you resistance? This army which surround your walls, mighty in numbers, will soon have a leader of consummate military skill. Make terms, if yet it may be, with the legate, before you feel the iron hand of De Montford."

"I have felt already the iron hand of the legate. I know the terms he grants to heretics, and to those who favor them. Did not my Catholic subjects at Beziers beseech his mercy; did not their Bishop go forth and tell him that they were true to Holy Church, and that even the heretics might be reclaimed by mildness; did not his own soldiers hesitate to slaughter Catholic and heretic, men, women and children alike? What said the legate? 'Kill them all; the Lord knoweth them that are his.' What mercy can I expect, sir King, even with your powerful intercession? What mercy has my uncle, Count Raymond, gained? What but disgrace and ruin. A descendant of Godfrey of Bouillon, not only robbed of princely dominions, but scourged like a rebellious serf, by the holy hands of the legate."

Long did the conference continue, and the royal negotiator returned at length, to learn what terms the haughty legate would grant to the beseiged. They were such as exceeded in brutality the worst fears of the unhappy defenders.—To die was better, and the Count made answer that he would never purchase safety for himself by yielding his subjects to treatment so atrocious.

But the legate had prepared a means of attack for which the brave Count was unprepared. An officer of the beseiging army, a kinsman of De Beziers, requested an interview with him, and at its close, the Count gave orders for the government of the city in his absence, and passed forthwith his visiter from the gates. It was known that he went to treat with the legate, under a pledge of safe-conduct from the Knight who accompanied him. The inhabitants followed him with tearful eyes, and not a few clung to the hem of his garment, or begged to kiss the noble hand that had defended them. The two passed forth, and entered the camp of the beseigers. No form of honor was wanting to the reception of the Count, and he entered at length the presence of the legate.

The general of the Church had established his abode in a chateau within the circuit of the encampment; and surrounded by every sign of military and ecclesiastical power, he received the unfortunate Count. The latter bent humbly on one knee, to the representative of the Pope, and addressed him thus:

"Holy legate, I have come, at the encouragement of the Chevalier de Mornay, to implore your clemency to my unhappy subjects, now beseiged in yonder walls. I come to you, as to the representative of our holy father, Pope Innocent III, and as he is the father of the Church on earth, so I beseech you to pity as a father, even those children who have appeared unworthy. Mercy may change the heretic to a faithful Christian. I beseech you then to relax the harsh terms that were but lately sent us. For myself I speak not, but I implore the mercy of the Holy Church for my unhappy subjects."

The legate allowed the Count to proceed, but there was a cold triumph in his eye that gave but little encourgement to the earnest pleader. Still, resolved to do his part, however revolting, De Beziers continued:

"The terms you have prescribed, Holy Father, are such as my people cannot submit to without violating those feelings of personal purity which all hold in reverence. They will die rather than yield to these; and in their death, must be involved many of the champions of the Church. Mercy may bring them to full submission, and close forever this sanguinary war."

"The inhabitants of Carcassonne, my lord Count, may choose for themselves, and accept or reject the terms of mercy we have offered.—For you, all trouble on their account is now needless, as you are yourself a prisoner until the city is taken, and your people shall have better learnt their duty."

The Count started to his feet. "I am betrayed," he exclaimed. "Is this the faith of the Holy Church?"

"I gave thee no promise, Count de Beziers."

"But the Knight of Mornay did, and his honor is involved in this treachery."

"Holy Church can settle that with the Knight of Mornay," said the legate with a sneer. "As for you, lord Count, submission will be best.—Our brother Dominic is anxious to examine you, but of our great mercy, and for reason of state, you shall not at present be consigned to his charge. You will be sent for custody to the dominions of his highness, the Duke of Burgundy."

"The enemy of our house!" said the Count, "Nay then, the end is at hand, and I will meet it as a Knight and a Christian."

Great was the consternation in Carcassonne, when the news was known, as the legate took care that it should be, that the Count was a prisoner. Women tore their hair, children unconscious of the nature of the danger, increased the confusion by their cries at the distress of those they loved; even brave men could not refrain from tears, as they thought of their noble leader, in the hands of his enemies, and looked around them on the defenceless and the despairing. The barbes or preachers of the Albigenses went round among the members of their flocks, with pious counsels, raising their thoughts to that world of peace and joy, to which as it seemed, they soon would pass, through the fearful gate of martyrdom. But Providence had reserved for them deliverance even when least expected.

The chiefs were gathered in the public square, for the exigency of the time dispensed with all form of regular council, and while those of more military ardor proposed to rush forth and perish in arms, the gentler suggested even yet a message of deep submission to the Papal legate. At length the barbe Romorin addressed them. He was a venerable man, whose life had been spent in preaching the truths of the Gospel, and who often had escaped by some wonderful occurrence from the power of the persecutor. Now, he believed that his last day had come, and he would meet it as became him.

"Brethren and friends," he said, "we have sinned, in being led by the love of life, and the feeling of resentment, to abandon those principles of innocence and peace which the fathers handed down to us. It was said of old, that the 'poor men of Lyons' would not kill a bird, from a sparrow to an eagle, or a quadruped, from a weasel to an elephant. Few among you, my brethren, have had the firmness to maintain the peaceful practice becoming those who have been privileged to read the sermon on the Mount. We have sinned, in that we have returned evil for evil, by resisting unto blood, but at least let us die true to our ancient principles. Let your gates be thrown open, my brethren, and let the enemy find us, not with weapons of war in our hands, but assembled in our yet unprofaned temples, singing hymns of praise to that Being who will cause the brief, though dark passage of death, to conduct us to eternal light and life."

There was a murmur of approbation among some; but they who had wives and children looked upon them, and felt that they could only with life abandon that duty which the Creator assigned them, when he made man the protector of the feeble.

At this moment, a cry of joy,—a sound long unheard within those walls, was heard from the borders of the crowd;—it spread from man to man, with the words of hope, "It is found,—the secret passage,—the way to Cabaret is discovered." Soon the news was confirmed by the mouth of a humble artisan, the father of the two children, who had been the instruments of Providence in discovering this long lost subterranean passage, the path of reserve, for a time at least, to the oppressed remnant of his people.

There was but little time for delay. That night they took their journey through the dark and seemingly interminable vault, no unfit emblem to them, of that death from which it rescued them,—as Romorin had described it, gloomy yet leading to light and freedom. Yet, says the historian, "it was a dismal and sorrowful sight to witness their removal and departure, accompanied with sighs, tears and lamentations, at the thoughts of quitting their habitations and all their worldly possessions, and betaking themselves to the uncertain event of saving themselves by flight; parents leading their children, and the more robust supporting decrepit old persons; and especially to hear the affecting lamentations of the women."

The brave Count de Beziers died in prison, not without suspicions of poison.

It is recorded that after the battle of Murat, in which the Albigenses were finally defeated by the Count de Montfort, there was found among the slain, a knight in black armor; and when the visor was raised that covered the lifeless face, he was recognised as Don Pedro, King of Arragon. There also lay one of his sons, and many of his nobles and vassals, who had with him, drawn their swords in vain, against the tyrannical power of the Roman Church.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

The season of gaiety and fashion has come. Wealth displays in its gay colors and its brilliant equipage. It moves in splendor, and challenges the admiration of the multitude. It decks itself in purple and fine linen. It has no earthly wants which its servants cannot supply. It commands waiting ministers to do its pleasure and "fares sumptuously every day." Fashion, beauty, elegance are arrayed in whatever can add charms to themselves, or win tributes from the praise of the world.

This is lawful, and perhaps none need object to it. Wealth has a right to compass sea and land for the display of its tastes; fashion may deck itself in rainbows, and move among the world's attractions, like a guest from another planet.

But while the prosperous and the wealthy are reveling in the luxuriance of their own abundance; let them not forget the demands of a liberal charity. There is much suffering and want. The winter winds visit many children of the poor roughly. Want creeps in at the door of many an humble dwelling. Short allowance of the necessities of life, sufferers poorly clad and more poorly provisioned—to many such sons of penury the unobtrusive charities of the wealthy would come, as visits from an angel of mercy. The wants which depress thousands, might be supplied from the ample incomes of the opulent—incomes which would suffer no sensible diminution from the bestowment of these charities.

The duties imposed upon us, by a common brotherhood, requires some sacrifices in this season of severity,—nay, not sacrifices, but the thousand little offices of kindness and affection which exhibit good feelings on the part of givers, and awaken sentiments of gratitude in the hearts of those who are made happy by benevolence. These exercises of good will are especially demanded in the inclemencies of this season. The charities of this world are commendable for the benevolence of heart they exhibit, and they diffuse over the face of society a spirit of joy and happiness. Let not the wealthy man forget, that within speaking distance of his palace, there may be such poverty as makes the heart sink in despair. As the gay pleasure-takers are whirling along in fashionable elegance, let them be reminded that a tithe of what is wasted in useless expenditure, would carry hope and happiness to many homes now the abode of penury and sorrow. [Hartford Courant.

FOR CHILDREN.

(From the New York Observer.)

CUNNING AND LYING ARE TWINS.

George was only a little younger than his eldest brother. He was a well-behaved child, and generally obedient to his parents. But George had one fault. He was cunning. Some boys think this shows smartness, but it is very hard to be cunning and truthful at the same time. George could not see this; his parents tried in vain to convince him that the little tricks, by which he outwitted his companions, were all founded on deceit, and partook of a lie. So it came to pass, that though the school-boys all thought George was very smart, they called him a slippery fellow. True there is great probability that the character a boy has at school, will go with him as long as he lives. Pray then children that you may begin right.

When George was almost nine years of age, he was sent to a neighboring shop for some thread, which was wanted in the family. When he went in there, he found two or three persons who were to be served before him. As he was looking about, he saw a nice, double bladed knife on the shelf. It was just what he wanted; he had been wishing for such a knife a long time, and the price was only twenty-five cents. He had exactly that sum in his hand. His brother John would have been likely to have bought the knife without thinking, and then run home to tell all about it, but George never thinks in John's way. He did not forget that he had been sent for two hanks of thread, but he looked at the handsome knife, till he could not see any thing else. You know that we can think very quick; it was but a little while that he stood by the counter, but many thoughts passed through his mind.

First he thought, I do want that knife, then conscience said, you must not buy it with this money, for it is not yours; then an evil thought came, I can tell mother something; said conscience, that will be lying as well as stealing, wait and save your spending money. George was almost persuaded by this last thought, and was turning away, when his heart suggested to him, perhaps the knife would be gone before he could get money enough, so he asked the clerk to let him see it. Conscience is a faithful friend, but if we *will* do wrong, it will stop warning us. George bought the knife; but after he had it in his pocket it felt as heavy as lead. Oh how he wished it was in the shop again. Why, said he to himself, why do people hang things up to tempt us! if only I had never seen it. Many a one has asked this question before George—but we must be tried, how else shall we know what we are. If this boy had rememered God's holy commandment, and prayed to him for help to keep it, the desire of having the knife would have gone out of his mind.

"My son, you have staid long," said his mother, "why, what is the matter?" for George was pale and trembled.

"Oh mama, you know the old shed at the corner of the fence, as I was going past a drunken man came out, and ran after me, and made me fall down, and the money dropped in the sand, so I lost it."

"Oh," said the servant girl, little thinking that she was helping George out in his lie, "that must be the same man that I saw asleep under the fence this morning."

George felt relieved; but so fat was he from enjoying his dear-bought knife, that he put it away in the bottom of his box, whence he might not see it. He could not help thinking of it however.

The Bible says, "A lying lip is but for a moment; and again, "Be sure your sin will find you out." So it fared with our cunning boy. To make his story more sure, he had said to his father that Mr. Benton, a neighbor, had seen the drunken man, and made him go away. One lie, you know, makes twenty. Mr. Benton was not in the habit of coming to the house of George's parents, but it happened that his cart broke near their gate, and he stopped in for assistance. Mr. Benton said, "I thank you, neighbor, for helping my little boy the other day." As you may suppose, the good man knew nothing about the affair, and thus George's sinful conduct was all exposed. Was he punished? Yes, severely; but who can tell how grieved his parents were. They shed more bitter tears over *his sin* than they did over the corpse of the baby that they had lost. Do you ask if he repented? in one sense he did; he sincerely regretted that he had behaved wrong, and made himself liable to punishment, but whether that was the right sort of repentance, I leave you to determine.

* * * *

As you sail up one of our southern rivers, away off to the right, rises a gloomy building,—it is the State Penitentiary. Among its miserable inmates is a youth of respectable appearance, sad, pale and degraded; it is poor George.

H.

STRAND OF THE SHELLS FROM THE SEA OF GENIUS. In press, and will be published in a few days by JAMES MUNROE & CO., "Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius," by Miss Harriet Earley, one of the Editors of the Lowell Offering, 1 vol, 12mo; 134 Washington, opposite School street. d26

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They have also published another Edition containing in addition to the Hymns embraced in supplementary pages, a SERVICE BOOK for the use of those Societies desiring to introduce this mode of worship.

Two separate editions will in future be issued—one with the text as heretofore, for use where this edition is used or desired, corresponding in all respects to the one now in use, with the addition above referred to, but on new type, and the other with the Service Book and Supplementary Hymns.

The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.

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We respectfully request Clergymen or Church Committees proposing a change in their Hymn Books, or forming new Societies, to forward us their addresses, when copies shall be sent them for examination.

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Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged.

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[From Burritt's Christian Citizen.]

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[From the Concord (N. H.) Statesman.]

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, Mass., a 'Specimen of a new stereotype edition now in progress, of Dr Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language." It is elegantly executed, and the whole work, which is to be like it, will, when finished, be one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press. The paper is fine, white and firm, and the type new. There are three columns on a page, surrounded by a double marginal line, which gives the page a particularly neat and finished appearance. The whole is to be comprised in one volume, crown quarto. Among the advantages of this over former editions, are the addition of several thousand words,—a thorough revision of the whole work by Prof. Goodrich of Yale College,—the insertion of the key to the pronunciation at the bottom of every page, (very convenient,)—tables of Greek and Latin proper names, Scripture do, and Geographical do, (the last is a great desideratum,) and a Memoir of Dr Webster.—The first edition of the Dictionary, in 2 vols. quarto, cost $20; the second, in 2 vols 8vo, cost $13,50. This, which is the original work *unabridged*, with the above-named improvements, is to cost only $6. Undoubtedly it will be by far the cheapest Dictionary of the English language ever published. Of its merits we need, of course, say nothing. It is now very generally received as the standard of our mother tongue. The publishers state it is now in progress, and will be published during the coming season.

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Particular information may be obtained by addressing the subscriber. H. F. EDES.

Plymouth, Feb 25, 1846 tf mh7

NEW AND VALUABLE ENGLISH PERIODICAL. *CROSBY & NICHOLS* have just received the first five numbers of The Peoples' Journal, containing amusement, general literature and instruction, with an earnest and business like inquiry into the best means of satisfying the claims of Industry. The names of William Howitt, (one of the proprietors,) Mary Howitt, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mitford, Ebenezer Elliot, Mrs Loudon, Frederica Bremer, Barry Cornwall and others, who will be permanent conributors, indicate the literary character of the work. It will also be embellished with elegant engravings from the first English artists. The extremely low price of the work will put within reach of all classes. It will come to subscribers at $2,50 per annum. Single numbers, 25 cents. Published in monthly parts of 70 pages.

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